THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

CASTANETS ring a sharp staccato, a counterpoint to the steady buzz of drills and rivetting machines, in the great grinding cities where audacious Gypsies live their own untrammelled lives in defiance of twentieth century industrial civilization. In this number of The Survey, IRVING BROWN, professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University, author of Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail, and Gypsy Fires in America, describes these "Children of the Earth" (page 7) at home in their winter quarters in American cities and on the summer's open trail. Hungarians, Rumanians, Russians —there are more nomad gypsy tribes at large in America than anywhere in the world.

THE colony of Coppersmith Gypsies who spend the winters in the neighborhood of Halsted Street in Chicago are vividly depicted by CLARE EDGAR MCLURE, journalist, who as a resident at Hull House came in contact with these fauns in the shadows of city factories. (Page 13)

STEVE DEMITRO, fourteen-year-old teller of tales, translates from the Romani these stories current in Gypsy folk lore. (Page 17)

THE Gypsy Tarot, mysterious fortune telling cards used by the Romanies, is explained by LEE MCCANN whose hobby is the history of playing cards. (Page 20)

JOSKA DE BABARY, famous Gypsy virtuoso, leader of the Congress Hotel orchestra, Chicago, interprets the music of their people. (Page 22)

ILYA TOLSTOY, grandson of Count Leo Tolstoy, recounts his memories of Gypsy singers in Russia and translates their songs. (Page 23)

PURI ROMANI DYES by LOUISE RICE is a revelation of deep Romani secrets by an author who claims a drop of Gypsy blood. (Page 25)

ESTHER PECK, whose water colors of Gypsy children and their elders (Page 27) brilliantly depict all the stages of Gypsy womanhood, is an artist of rare perception and interpretive gift.

WHY Live Like a Gypsy? VICTOR WEYBRIGHT, assistant editor of Adventure, answers this romantic question with a tale of his adventures as ambassador-at-large from America to the Gypsies in England, Wales, and France. (Page 32). It is due to Mr. Weybright's efforts that this sheaf of articles on Gypsies has been collected in collaboration with Clare Edgar McLure and brought out under the editorial and art direction of Sara Merrill.

THE test of a Gypsy, one gathers from these articles, is to live as the Gypsies do—care-free, simply, on the go. And by that test many Gypsies who are not of Gypsy blood are abroad in the land. These restless folk will have their day in a later Graphic. They make a various company: the new automobile harvest hands who follow the ripening wheat in flivvers; the old-time hoboes and homeless men of the cities; the fruit pickers of California, who form the only migrant industry to be organized and employed on schedule; the Gasoline Gypsies who, at one end of the scale, make a great commotion in the touring camps and enrage the custodians of local health and morals—at the other end, drive to Florida behind liveried chauffeurs; with a solid middle stratum of retired farmers off for a sunny land.

ALL America, or so it seems in midsummer, has gone atouring. It has meant, among many things, a renascence of the old road-side inn, dormant since stage-coach days, which here at one cross-roads is a snug hostelry with food for man and gas for beast, at the next intersection a nest of bootleggers and a rowdy dance. You may tour now, in often good and always various company, from the bottomlands of the Mississippi Delta to the summit of Mt. Washington, free of time-tables, train dust and the banana skins shed by other people's babies. A rare story, to be told in a latter issue.

LOUIS STARK is a New York newspaper man who spent three weeks in Boston on assignment from his paper to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. (Page 38)

JOHN PALMER GAVIT is widely known to Survey readers as an early resident of Chicago Commons, as Associated Press correspondent, as a staff member of Harper and Brothers and of the Studies in Methods of Americanization, and for the past two years as independent writer from Geneva. (Page 42)

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Courtesy of Reinhardt Galleries

THE GYPSY GIRL by Manet

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Children of the Earth

By IRVING BROWN

IT was the largest hall on New York's East Side that the Gypsies had rented for the wedding. On a stage some twenty musicians were playing traditional airs of Southeastern Europe, the *hora,* the *kolo,* the *csardas.* It was ten o'clock in the morning, and few of the guests had come. As the band struck up a Turkish tune, Fardi, the son of Groffo, holding a long knife with which he had been cutting up slabs of pig roasted whole, came prancing into the hall, doing a sort of sword dance with his butcher knife for a scimitar.

No invitations had been sent; and the exact date had been decided only a few days previously, but news travels fast in Gypsyland, and five hundred or more had gathered for the festivities. They came on foot, in rusty Fords and newly painted Packards; they came in taxicabs crammed to the roof, and ablaze with the brilliant dresses of the women. All day long a crowd stood in the street outside to watch them come and go. Hired detectives with shiny badges stood at the door to keep out intruders, and circulated within to protect the Gypsies from their own hot tempers and ready fists.

The preceding Sunday I had witnessed the payment of two thousand five hundred dollars for the bride. It was celebrated by the passing of a bottle of brandy wrapped in a crimson kerchief to which were attached a number of large gold coins. The kerchief, or *diklo,* is the symbol of marriage, originating in the wedding custom which was once universal among the Gypsies—the ascertaining of the bride's virginity by means of a handkerchief. In this country the Nomads only have preserved the rite, but I know that it was observed at the wedding of *Gitanos* I attended in Malaga in 1923. The bright kerchief on the heads of the Nomad women are an emblem of wedlock, and no unmarried girl would put one on except in play.

As each guest entered the hall he was given a red flower, a *luludiaï,* to put in his buttonhole. By noon there was a crowd. When the bride arrived, the marriage sponsor, the *kirvo,* placed a wreath of flowers on her head, and took up a pole on which was a *diklo,* fastened like a flag, together with a bunch of red flowers and a coin, the flowers also being a symbol of the ascertainment of chastity, and the coin a symbol of purchase. With his free hand the sponsor took the bride's arm, and the two, at the head of a long chain of Romanies, began a dance that serpentined about the hall.

Overcome with conflicting emotions, the young girl, like many a bride before her, wept as she danced.

The groom took no part in the ceremonies. The two were not together the entire day. Collarless and in his shirtsleeves he busied himself with the details of the entertainment.

As the music blared, the Gypsies danced in lines, circles, and groups. Feet flew, arms gyrated, and bodies swung in mad rhythm. Perhaps the wine that flowed unceasingly at the long bar at one end of the hall had something to do with the verve and animation, but less than the natural excitability of Romani temperament. For color and high spirits I have never seen anything to equal the scene—not even at the *Bal des Quat-z-arts* in Paris.

Along one side for some two hundred and fifty feet ran a continuous table covered with platters of meat—roast pig, chickens and other fowl—bowls of mixed salad, and huge loaves of bread. There were no plates, no napkins, no dinner hour. We

The reader who supposed dimly that Gypsies went out with horses, may learn with surprise that their numbers have grown until more of them live in the United States than in any other country and that, without change from their historic occupations of itinerant metal-working and fortune-telling, they have swapped the horse-drawn caravan with its bright cloth tops for flivvers and senile Cadillacs. Here the Graphic gathers, through their American friends, a rich store of their customs and manner of life which have come down through the ages.

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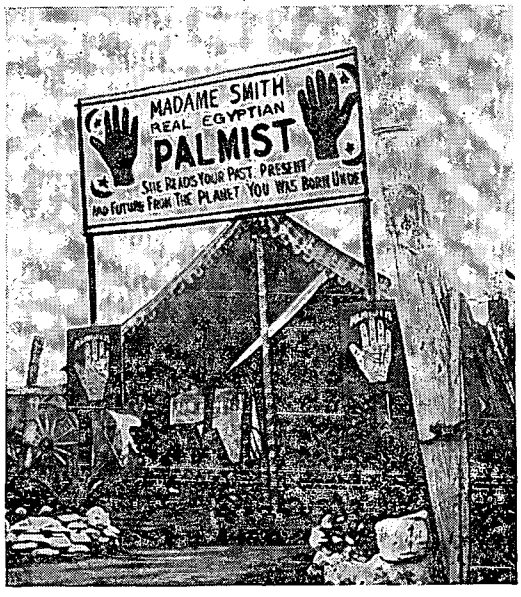
A youthful Carmen

helped ourselves with our fingers, whenever we felt hungry, and wiped them on the edge of the tablecloth.

"Have you a knife?" I asked, turning to a friend, as I struggled with a slab of pork.

He smiled, "Don't you know we Gypsies don't take knives to weddings?"

I recognized the value of this precaution soon after, when I saw a vociferating, gesticulating knot of men and women surging about a man with his back to the wall. He had been unjustly accused of having stolen a bracelet that had fallen during a dance. It had been kicked under a bench by accident. The fellow was rescued by his friends, the bracelet was found, and merriment restored.



The Anglo-American Gypsies are the best fortune tellers

I realized then why there is so little thieving among Romanies: the machinery of Gypsy justice is simple. Though I had had an overcoat stolen from under my nose at a symphony concert, I had no fears as I tossed it on a chair on this occasion, in spite of the fact that I left the hall more than once.

About four o'clock the *daü* took place. The table was cleared and spread with fresh heaps of food. The men were invited to sit down. A relative of the groom took a loaf of bread hollowed out to form a receptacle, and passed it to each in turn. Gifts, varying from five to fifteen dollars, were expected; and as each was deposited the name of the donor and the amount was called out in a loud voice. Then he was given a drink of wine and a red silk handkerchief a yard or more square. Finally the money was counted and the total announced. It was handed to the bride.

The dancing, eating and drinking continued until seven or eight, when the guests left for further merrymaking in their tents or houses. When a wedding is celebrated in camp, it is practically continuous for three or more days.

On the final evening, the bride retires with the groom's mother or a matron chosen by his family; and the ascertainment takes place. Until about ten or fifteen years ago in this country, the handkerchief used was exhibited to the guests amid jubilation. It is not until the following night that the union with the groom is consummated.

I have attended other Nomad weddings, and observed slight variations, but this one was typical. The ceremony is undoubtedly of ancient origin, though modified by time.

Of these Nomads there are larger numbers in the United States than of any other variety of Gypsy. Also they have preserved more of the primitive language and customs than any other group that I have observed in America, Europe, or Africa. Here and there one may find a tribe speaking purer *Romanes,* or of purer blood, or another living in a less civilized fashion; but taking them as a whole they still remain—to use the expression of the *Gitanos* —as Gypsy as the ribs of God.

THERE are many different kinds of Romanies, though they all have a common origin and a common language, of which there are numerous dialects. They were probably a scattered, wandering race in India when they left it some thousand years ago. Curiously enough, some of the causes that have made them disperse throughout the world have also enabled them to keep their integrity and remain a race apart: the suspicion in which they have been held, the nature of their trades, parasitic and nomadic. Musicians, singers, dancers, showmen, workers in metal, handicraftsmen, fortune tellers, horse traders, they have been obliged to travel in order to gain a living.

Anthropologists claim that once all men were nomads. The Gypsies are a survival of the days when the earth was young.

While many fragments of the race have become sedentary along the path of migration, or have confined their wanderings to small areas—there are more Romani house-dwellers than tent-dwellers in the world today—there is one group that has moved about so persistently that no one geographic appellation seems to fit them. Their relatively pure dialect contains such a large percentage of Rumanian words that it is certain that their ancestors nomadised for a long and not very remote period in Rumania; but they have no memory of it, and Rumania is only one of the many countries through which the last few generations have traveled. For lack of a better designation we must call them the Nomads.

One may find them in any country, here today, and gone tomorrow; but the majority have found their way to America where they travel about, largely by train and auto, living in stores in winter and in tents in summer. For instance, my friend Pero has camped on the banks of the Ganges, the Rio Plata, the Yangtze, the Guadalquivir. Once I asked him, "Pero, is there any country you haven't seen?"

He thought a moment, then, "The Transvaal." Of the ten languages he speaks, his English is the poorest as the others were learned in his youth.

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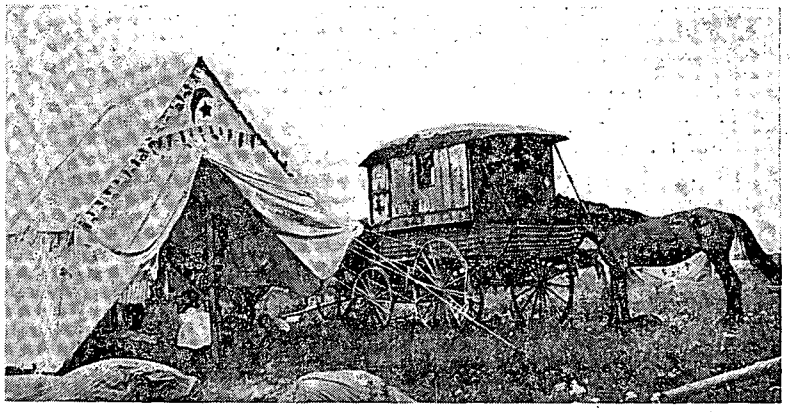
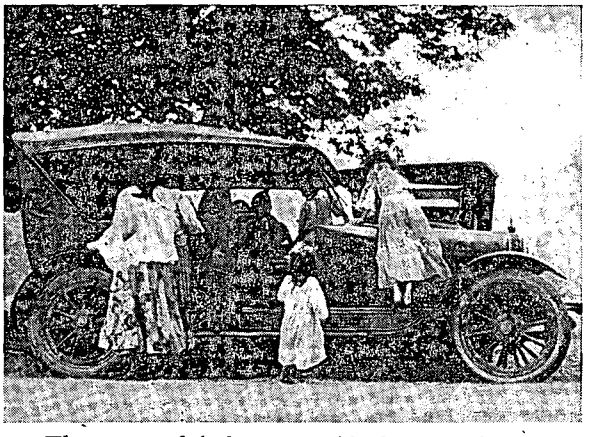
Among the Nomads themselves there are various castes or sub-divisions. There is the well-defined group of the *Matchvaya.* There are the *Galderash,* whose tribal name is derived from the trade of coppersmith now practically abandoned for that of fortune telling. Further groupings are made on geographical lines: the *Rusorie,* Gypsies who travelled largely in Russia a generation or two ago; the *Ungeresorie,* from Hungary; the *Horolane,* from Turkey; but among the Nomads this sort of classification is unsatisfactory, as they all speak virtually the same dialect. A single group may refer to themselves as Brazilian, Russian, or French Gypsies, even in talking among themselves.

The most definite and legitimate system of differentiation is accordingly the *vitsa,* or blood relationship: the *Guneshti, Mineshti, Arishtesti, Gestingkeshti,* for example, branches or tribes named after some more or less remote ancestor.

In spite of these divergencies the Nomads are fairly homogeneous, and can readily be distinguished from other kinds of Gypsies in this country by the appearance of the women: the gay silk kerchief over the head, the dress of many colors, the gold coins about the neck or plaited in the braids.



Reclining on a carpet of prairie flowers. Nomad Camp near South Chicago



The automobile has not robbed them of their picturesqueness

Although the family is the true social unit, the Nomad Coppersmiths sometimes unite to form a *kumpanía* for work in common, selecting a head like any business enterprise. In America attempts have been made by various Gypsies of wealth and authority to band together as many as possible of the Nomads under their leadership, for mutual help and protection. An aspirant to chieftainship sends out messengers to announce an election, usually the first hall in some large city. The Gypsy selected collects a tax from his supporters, and demands a certain obedience. In return he pledges himself to fight their battles with the law, or with other Romanies outside the organization, to lend them money in case of need, and to entertain them royally when they visit him. This system has sometimes led to exploitation, and to legal battles between the chiefs and their "subjects," or between rival chiefs. The majority of the Nomads do not recognize any leader.

The legend of Gypsy kings is perpetuated by these heads of "companies" and "associations" and by the choosing of judges or arbitrators in case of dispute. That of Gypsy queens comes from the fortune tellers who know our national weakness for royalty.

GYPSY law, or custom, is a very real force however, and when broken, any Gypsy whose standing is respected may act as justice or referee. Preferably he should be a person capable of physical as well as moral persuasion as more than one *Romano kris* (Gypsy trial) has ended in a pitched battle. The only time I acted in the capacity of judge, one of the litigants seized a butcher knife and started towards the other. It was my duty to seize his arm, while the knife carved wild arabesques in the unoffending air. Since then I have lost all desire to serve in the judiciary.

It is only just to add that most "Gypsy courts" are orderly affairs and of the latest approved model—courts of arbitration. Justice is assured since differences between two individuals must be adjusted to the satisfaction of both. If not, they are free to call another trial. The only curb on litigation is the fact that one must provide food and drink for as many people as will attend.

The most interesting phase of Gypsy law is the strictness with which it is enforced. There are numerous taboos connected with ceremonial purity. The Romani who infringes them becomes *mahrimé,* literally meaning "defiled" but spoken of in English as "blocked" or "rejected." No one must eat or drink with him until he is tried by *kris* and declared *úzho,* or clean. Whoever should eat or drink with him before that becomes *mahrimé* himself.

There are many unwritten laws concerning the conduct of one Nomad to another. One of the most important is that of hospitality. You are a Nomad; you see the tent or house of another Nomad and enter without knocking. Only truant officers, policemen, and other obnoxious *Gajos* (non-Gypsies) announce themselves. If you are not known, you name your relatives and friends. Convinced that you belong it is the duty of the head of the family, unless he has a legitimate excuse, to offer you entertainment.

Infringement of these laws carries with it the decree of *ladjay,* or shame; and serious or repeated cases, *baro ladj,* or great shame. More than one Nomad thus shamed has been driven from the tents in ignominy and his own father and mother forbidden even to speak to him. For a Gypsy there can be no greater punishment. Romanies have declared to me that even some of the less rigorous forms of ostracism would make them commit suicide, and everyone who has read Borrow knows how deep is their love of life. Nomad society though scattered far and wide is humanly compact. Gypsy law has no policemen and no jails. Its strength lies in the moral force of united opinion.

A handful of people, outcast and despised, landless wanderers in the one country they might have called their own

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(India), excluded from the consolation of religion, and exceedingly exposed to the evils of war, disease, and famine, the Gypsies developed in a hard school. What was the result? Before leaving India they had already learned the lessons of an oppressed minority—to fight back with secrecy and ruse.

Once in Europe they needed all their cunning. Alien in color, dress, and customs they were feared and hated. Like the ugly duckling of Anderson's tale, the mere fact they were different made them objects of attack. There are numberless instances of unprovoked cruelty to Romanies: the drowning of men, women and children who had embarked for America in a Dutch port, in the eighteenth century; the hanging of Romanies in England for the mere crime of being Romanies; the pitiless sport of certain ignoblemen in Russia, hunting them through the forests and killing them like wild game; the shooting of women and children on their way to a funeral in California by a man who had been cheated by a Gypsy and had sworn to kill the first Gypsies he met.

Is it surprising that the more primitive Romanies have always felt that a perpetual state of warfare exists between themselves and *Gajo* society? Centuries of struggle with man and nature have given them fortitude and craft. They have no self-pity. Instead of feeling downtrodden, they laugh at their enemies. The Gypsy who finds something that was never lost, or succeeds in hoaxing some foolish *Gajo,* feels no more compunction than does a conscript who kills another conscript in the opposite trenches. Fortunately in defending themselves from society the Romanies have not retaliated with violence.

Force is replaced by cunning. As the Greeks admired the wily Ulysses, they admire those of their number who show the greatest skill in outwitting the foe. Fortune telling is not only one of their chief sources of income but also a source of amusement. If the Gypsy is a mystery to his ancient enemy the latter is no enigma to him. Emerson has caught the truth of this situation in his *Romany Girl,* who says:

> You doubt we read the stars on high,
> Nathless we read your fortunes true;
> The stars may hide in upper air,
> But without glass we fathom you.

One should not forget, however, that the Gypsy is very sensitive to kindness. No *Gajo* who has disinterestedly helped a true Gypsy has ever had cause to regret it. If the Romanies ever completely merge with the rest of the world and disappear as a race, it will be through understanding and sympathy.

Like the interminable litigation of the ancient Greeks, most of the trials among themselves are a substitute for warfare. Almost invariably a *kris* ends in feasting and merrymaking. One must spend the time somehow—and the Romanies have lots of time to spend.

When no *kris* is being held, a *diwano* will do. It is a reception, council, talk-fest. If there are no weddings, baptisms, *pomanas*—feasts in commemoration of the dead—no church festivals, no *slavas,* the yearly fete of each individual, then one may always have a *patchiv;* in fact any pretext for having a good time together is welcomed. The chief role of religion is to furnish some such pretext. I once celebrated Christmas with some Nomads in December, and planned to celebrate it a second time with them in January, the Greek Orthodox Christmas—*Romano Kretchuno,* or Gypsy Christmas, as they call it. Miscalculating the date I arrived the day following; but as I had brought a bottle of wine, one of them proposed a third celebration, saying: "Every day is Christmas—when there is wine."

Patchiv is a festival common among the Nomads. It is a ceremony in someone's honor, a treat of some sort—a song sung, a bottle of brandy presented, or an elaborate feast, and is a mark of trust and friendship. Let me give a typical example. Two years ago in Mexico I chanced on a band of Nomad Coppersmiths, most of whom had recently come from France. There was one, however, Milosh, whom I had met before in New York state. For some time neither of us recognized the other as we squatted on the ground drinking tea brewed on a huge silver samovar, and discussing *Romai butchi,* Gypsy affairs, and mutual acquaintances. Suddenly Milosh leaped up and threw his arms about me. There is no joy for a Gypsy equal to that of meeting another. "*Ambolda tehara,* come back tomorrow. I make you *patchiv,*" he said.

Milosh was living in another camp, in a large courtyard on the outskirts of the city. They had not bothered to erect tents and had simply spread carpets in the shelter of an open shed. On the wall, which was covered with a bright oriental-looking cotton print, was an ikon, a photograph of a Romani girl with a guitar, and another of a Nomad gazing at his dead wife, lying uncoffined between two lighted candles.

When I arrived, Milosh sent his boys to a *cantina;* and they returned with slices of turkey, a bowl of alligator pear mashed with olive oil, onions and chili peppers, some bread, and a couple of dozen bottles of Montezuma beer. We sat down cross-legged about a table a foot high, like those of the Moors. Two silver mugs were brought.

Tropic night had fallen. Between the eaves and the low roofs across the courtyard a great belt of clear stars. A lamp was placed on the table, and a lantern hung from a post.

Milosh tore the caps from the bottles with his strong white teeth, and making a broad gesture, "*Ha! Pi! Kerav tut patchiv.* Eat! Drink! I make you *patchiv.*" He called to the women, who were sitting to one side, "Sing something for my brother!" Four or five of them rose smiling and standing in a crescent with their arms about one another they began a song, the lament of a dying *Rom* who leaves his one motherless child alone in the world:

Madonna and child.
Boys with sling-shots. Nomads.

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Naï tut dad, naï tut deï;
Naï tut p'ral, naï tut peï.
Naï tut konik katar lendar.
Mukav tut korkoró taï straïnó..

You've no father, you've no mother;
You've no sister, you've no brother.
You have no one of your own.
I must leave you all alone.

The music was mournful, but so expressive that the dark eyes of every Gypsy shone with joy. *"Patchiv* to you," said the leader when the song was done.

As the shouts of approval died down, a woman's shrill voice was heard at the gateway to the court. Bodies were still, neck muscles taut, as everyone listened. A *Romni* entered carrying her six year old boy inert in her arms. While playing at the other camp he had suddenly become ill. No one knew what was the matter. She had brought him home, followed by friends. A doctor had been sent for.

The joy of a moment before had become intense sorrow. The women beat at their faces with clenched finger joints, pulled their black locks, and gave vent to grief in explosions of senseless anger. An aunt exclaimed, *"Devla! Devla!* God! God! Why did we come to Mexico?" The father groaned. The mother was relieving her feelings by a sort of improvised chant. In contrast to all this agitation the child lay very still and calm in her arms, opening his eyes from time to time to stare obliviously.

The *Rom* who had gone in an auto to bring the doctor returned with him. "Save my boy. I'll give you five thousand dollars." He dumped a bag of gold on the table among the beer bottles: Austrian, Russian pieces, sovereigns, twenty-peso coins. The doctor refused the money with an oscillating gesture of his raised palm.

"I'll do what I can." Inquiry brought out that instead of having suddenly contracted some strange tropical disease, the child had probably swallowed some metal polish. He vomited. "It is nothing serious," the physician assured them when he left. "Tomorrow, he'll be playing about."

For some time there was a lull. An old man, to whom such scenes were familiar and who had remained impassive all the while, picked up a piece of turkey and began to munch it. Spirits gradually revived. Voices rose. Toasts were drunk in innumerable phrasings. Might all sorts of unmentionable things happen to my enemies, the least objectionable of which was death. "Sing, Zlatcho!"

"I can't. Three of my brothers died. You sing!" A song was started.

A short, handsome *Rom,* Sávolo, appeared, and held out a mug for some beer. As a joke, Milosh remarked, *"Tchi patchiv tut.* I'm not celebrating in your honor." Or, translated more literally, "I don't trust you." Sávolo's coat was off in a second. His face flamed with fury. The men jumped to their feet. A woman wailed. Explanations were made; and the excited knot of Gypsies disentangled. Someone noticed a troubled look on my face. I had not shaken off my anxiety as quickly as the rest. A mock quarrel, beautifully and vehemently acted, was immediately staged for my benefit. It ended in a general laugh at my expense, and the merrymaking continued.

In city streets the Gypsies seem like exiles from field and wood

On my way home, as I passed through the Alameda with its giant eucalyptus trees, its banana plants and cypresses, I thought over what I had just seen. Looking upward at the exuberant leafage, black against the star-bright sky, I understood the abrupt changes of mood in Gypsy music: the joyous exultation of the swift *csardas,* following the slow, melancholy movement of the *lassan;* the sudden catches and tripping runs that alternate with long doleful notes in certain of the Gypsy songs of Andalusia.

Andalusian Gypsy girl with manton crossed and knotted. Calle de Mediodia

AMERICA is a Gypsy paradise in many ways, and an admirable country in which to study the race. The "deep" speech of the Nomads—they speak *Romanes* exclusively among themselves—their aloofness, cunning, and wealth have made more than one English Gypsy enviously declare, "They ain't Gypsies at all. They're bloody Rooshians or Turks"; and the gorgeous picturesqueness of their costumes has made more than one *Gajo* imagine they were "some sort of foreigners dressed up," mere comic-opera Romanies.

As a matter of fact there are several interesting groups of wanderers incorrectly referred to as Gypsies: English, Irish, and Scotch "travelers," some with a trace of Romani blood. There are also the "tourists," who go from one free camp ground to another, well-to-do motorists, and beggars in autos, hating the Gypsies and fighting epic battles with them for the possession of water and places to pitch their tents.

There is a greater variety of genuine Romanies in the United States than in any country on the globe: English, Welsh, Turkish, Syrian, Russian, German, Rumanian, Serbian Gypsies.

Of Spanish *Gitanos* there are very few in this country; but I have met some in Havana, singing, dancing and playing the guitar in a waterfront café; and in Mexico City, in the Cafe Fenix, the haunt of the bull-fighters. There I made the acquaintance of Rafael el Gallo, the brother of Joselito who was universally considered the greatest torero of modern times when gored to death in the arena at the age of twenty-five. Rafael at his best was, in some ways, his superior; and in appearance, habits and temperament far more Gypsy.

He was sitting in the Fenix having his shoes shined by

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a ragged Indian boy kneeling on the marble floor and gazing up at him with the most beatific, worshipful expression I have ever seen on a human face. We were together not infrequently after that, living at the same hotel, listening to endless discussions of Gypsy song and of bull-fighting, and entering the corral to inspect the bulls for the coming *corridas*.

The first Gypsies to come to America were deported here from Holland and France in early colonial times. Owing to various circumstances they fused with other strains. Some of the oldest Dutch families of Manhattan, and some of the most aristocratic Creoles of the South must have a dash of Romani blood in their veins.

Another variety of *Roms* who appeared in Pre-Revolutionary days were the Chikeners, who followed the Pennsylvania Dutch from the Rhine country. Their early history and the lives of the few descendants have been studied by Henry W. Shoemaker of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, who tells of their encounters with the Indians and the troubles they provoked by appropriating Indian camps, outwitting the wily Conestogas—and leaving it to the Germans to fight the battles.

Recently I received a letter in Romani from a member of one of the best known English Gypsy clans, the Boswells. An ancestor of his had fought in the Revolution, but the family has preserved the language and customs to a remarkable degree in spite of prosperity and education, and in spite of the fact that the British Gypsies, or *Romanichels,* have settled down on farms and in cities in America and have mingled with the *Gajos* more than any other kind.

There are still many delightful *Romanichels,* however, who travel the roads and dwell in tents. One family that came here is related to Borrow's famous Jasper Petulengro, whose real name was Ambrose Smith.

Those who imagine that the advent of the motor car has robbed the Gypsy of his Gypsiness forget that horse-trading is a secondary occupation among the race as a whole, and that manual dexterity and skill in metal working makes tinkering with an auto come easy to them. It is the *Romanichels* who have been hardest hit, and who speak most fondly of "the good old days before the country was spoiled by them stink buggies and licenses for *dukkerin'* (telling fortunes)."

I WAS sitting on the deeply bedded straw with Mush Boswell at the entrance to his tent. It was April, but he had already been on the road a month. The sun shone through the wiry branches of the elms bending above our heads and budding into a mist of translucent green. The wind, that had wandered from the far South, touched our hands and faces with a warm caress. We watched a flock of wild ducks slowly vanish in the blue. Mush's lowered glance fixed itself sadly on Old Man Stanley's living *wardo,* a handsome piece of wagon-making, that had remained in the same spot for several seasons.

"My grandad had one like that, only finer," he remarked after a long pause. "Made by a company in Janesville, Wisconsin, and no expense spared. When he died down in Louisiana, we burned it 'cordin' to the religion; and it was new too. The silver things we buried. It was so swampy we could hardly dig a hole deep enough to cover 'em. Now wasn't the old folks crazy with such ideas? My dad used to travel around with a regular racin' stable. He had a tent for the horses, mind you; and it was four times as big as the one for us people. They was pets, eatin' their heads off; but my *dadus* was that taken with 'em, 'e couldn't have sold 'em any more'n one of us *chavies* (children). Anyhow, there was one mare that paid for all the rest. We was makin' the fairs; and enterin' her in the races. Every new fair, he'd change her name. Kept the whole family busy thinkin' up new names. If anyone spotted her, we couldn't place no bets; but if they didn't we'd clean up good."

There are various kinds of British-American Gypsies but, as in Great Britain, the "deepest" are from Wales. Once in Toledo, Ohio, I carried on a conversation with one of the Welsh Lovells in *Romanes.* He spoke such a pure form of it that some *posh-rats* (half-bloods), who were there, admitted later that they had not understood; and some *Gajos,* intrigued by the unusually dark features of my companion and the strange sound of the tongue, began guessing what it was: Italian? Greek? Turkish? They were forced to give it up.

Distinct from the Nomads, but resembling them in some ways are the *Baïash, Käravlase,* or *Rumaneshte,* as they are variously called. Fortune tellers, showmen, auto mechanics, bear leaders, they have semi-permanent camps on the outskirts of Chicago and Brooklyn. The former is in a grove of trees beside a river and close to a forest preserve. Nearby is a Polish roadhouse and picnic ground where innocent family parties alternate with peasant bacchanalians with bottles crashing against the trees. In the grove are tents, huts, living wagons and motor cars. A bear is chained to an iron stake.

These Gypsies are friendly folk, and speak good English. They know little *Romanes,* however; and that little is chiefly a broken jargon picked up from Anglo-American Gypsies. The fact that they sometimes refer to themselves as Serbian Gypsies, and use Slavic names, such as Stankovitch and Mitrovitch is misleading, for they also call themselves Stanley, Stevens, Jones, or Davis; and their private language is Rumanian.

THERE is another type of Rumanian Gypsy in America —the musician—as rare here as he is common in his native land. They come chiefly from Moldavia via Russia and Paris, and are to be found—if one is lucky—in a few of the New York night clubs, with a still rarer species, the Russian Gypsy singer.

After giving the password, in my case the name of the musician, we are admitted to a cellar room with handsome wall panels painted in the *Chauve-souris* style representing scenes on the borderland of Europe and Asia. Vasili, we shall call him, the *tzigane,* tall and handsome with pure Hindu features, is bending forward, swaying like a palm tree, his chin tightly clutching his violin, his keen, roving eyes searching the dimly lighted room. Despite his masculinity there is something feline about him. Though the eyes of the women are veiled by the shadows, he is conscious of their magnetic response.

The stringed orchestra and cimbalom resemble those of the Hungarian Gypsies, and the music itself is not unlike theirs save for an admixture of Rumanian and Turkish elements. Enesco has caught the whirl and rush of it, its mad rumbling and piercing laments, in his rhapsodies, more Gypsy than those of Liszt.

Vasili plays a Russian waltz next, and the jazz tune of the moment, which he does (*Continued on page* 58)

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The Drawing Lesson, an etching by Norah Hamilton

Gypsies in Halsted Street

By CLARE EDGAR McLURE

IN the environs of Hull House, Chicago, on that colorful stretch of Halsted Street between the ghetto of Maxwell and the cheap white way of Madison, we have come to appreciate the survival of the Gypsies in our American life and to see how they adapt themselves outwardly just enough to enable them to keep inwardly the integrity of their racial language and customs. As neighbors, we want to understand them and to do that, it is necessary to study them from within and from without, as individuals and in contrast to the people and peoples among whom they find themselves. As neighbors, what have we to give them—and what have they to give us?

It is from the Russian steppes that most of our Gypsy neighbors in Halsted Street have come. Many of them came first to Canada, and from Canada to the States, and more and more they have wintered in Chicago. From year to year, they may drift from one block to another, but along Halsted Street one can always be within a stone's throw of a Gypsy doorway. Into these mystic hallways, hung with gay draperies, these Gypsies have brought much of Russia along with them—the Russian Easter with a festival and exchanging of eggs, some of the balalaika steps, a smattering of Russian lingo, a fondness for brass and copper utensils, a liking for well-brewed tea. But they have carried over much more that is distinctively Gypsy—Romani language, the foretelling of the future, a host of traditions as old as time, that indefinable quality recognized the world over as Gypsy culture.

It is a culture which refuses to be standardized into regular American moulds. Our Jewish and Italian neighbors in Chicago are quickly assimilated, wear Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothes and read the popular magazines. The Mexicans, despite a naïve, primitive charm soon melt into the background of American life. The Greeks are stern and stolid, and mingle little with the currents of life; but withal, they have very little with which to hold themselves apart besides the church, coffee-house political gossip and a scarcity of Greek women. Negroes and Nordics fall into line and soon become good Chicagoans, good Americans. The Gypsies, on the other hand, remain in the midst of seething, consciously adaptive groups, a people apart, so far apart that most people overlook their having any connection at all with contemporary life. Indeed, so fine a mesh has been woven about the Gypsy that the real Rom is as difficult to grasp as is the leprechaun.

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A bit of color in Halsted Street

By the country dweller, and somewhat less by the city dweller, he is held up to the children as the ever-threatening evil force which will "get" them if they aren't good. It is not a month since a little girl living in the country related how glad she was that her family had left the town in which they had been living because she did not want to be kidnapped by the Gypsies who had a small camp there. What the Black Douglas was to Scotland the Gypsy has been to America.

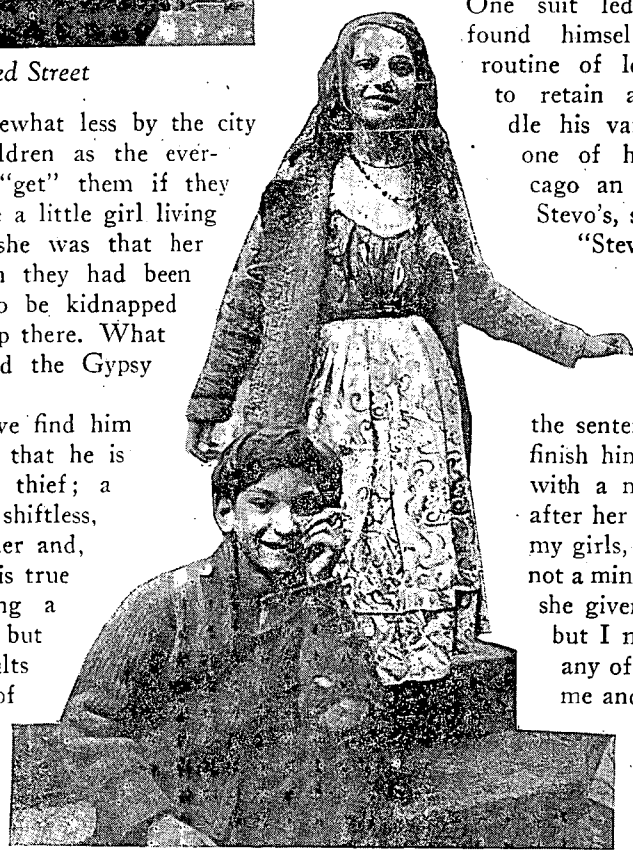
But what, then, is the Rom as we find him in Chicago? We have been taught that he is immoral or, at best, unmoral; a thief; a filthy carrier of disease; lazy, shiftless, living on his women; a child snatcher and, in short, an undesirable citizen. It is true that the Gypsy is far from being a hundred-and-six-per-cent American; but those of us who lack faith in the results of a Buddha-like contemplation of the navel of our own perfection find in this want of sameness in the Gypsy a moral virtue which may be turned in the future to the advantage of America.

It is as untrue to say that the Gypsy is immoral as it would be to say that all United States cabinet officials, without exception, are grafters or morons. Of all the races which have reached the shores of America there is none which has a more rigid code of sexual behavior than the Gypsy. What race has been able to maintain its racial purity, in the midst of a constant intermarrying of people, as has the Romani? Among what people are there so few husband or wife desertions?

Take the attitude of the Roms of Halsted Street toward the family of Pavalena: Pavalena is a sixteen-year-old Gypsy of a Spanish-Russian family. She lacked the sheer beauty often found in Gypsy women, but she possessed an unusual amount of magnetism, fire, charm and grace. To her relatives she was the enchantment of womanhood incarnate, in her the poetry of their race found expression. But Pavalena, born in America, longed for American ways; scorning the bright, easily portable furnishings of her own home, she yearned for American chairs, American tables, dresses and jewelry. This child, whose family had a sizable fortune in fine silk shawls, rare old gold earrings, bracelets and necklaces, felt the lure of gaudy American finery. Realizing, perhaps, the futility of trying to Americanize her family, Pavalena "borrowed" a thousand dollars from her father, gave it to a *Gajo* and left town with him. One adventure followed another and, deserted, she was finally taken under the protection of a juvenile court in the South. A Gypsy woman of easy virtue among her own people is soon ostracized. If her relations are with a non-Gypsy, even though she marries him, she is "out," lost, and as one dead to the tribe. But the father of Pavalena, Stevo, for once refused to accept the dictates of his tribal law. He followed Pavalena in an effort to get her back, and became involved in the law courts of the despised *Gajo*. One suit led to another and he soon found himself so embarrassed by the routine of legal procedure that he had to retain a regular attorney to handle his various law-suits. Just before one of his periodic returns to Chicago an older Gypsy, a relative of Stevo's, said:

"Stevo, he is no good any more. Gone to the bad. Too many law-suits; too much. . .," he shrugged his shoulders. As he was talking to a *Gajo*, he was too polite to finish the sentence. "His girl, Pavalena, she finish him. Lookit her; she run away with a man, and he, her *father*, run after her! she no good, all bad. Lookit my girls, one twenty-five years old and not a minute's worry in all her years has she given me. Now she get married but I no have to worry about her or any of her sisters. All good girls to me and I good to them. But Pavalena, she just ruin her father. No Gypsy have anything to do with her."

Gypsy boys declare the same thing: that if a Gypsy woman is unchaste she is "no good"—and not only



Two winter visitors

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she but her whole family suffers in consequence. Morality is a family responsibility with the Rom, not an individual one. One black sheep can strip a family of its power within the tribe.

The Gypsy is the proverbial thief; and yet during a seven month's association with Mexican and Gypsy boys the leader of a club encountered just one attempt at thieving, and this in spite of the fact that her coat, containing a small purse with change, was always placed on the same table as the boy's caps, sweaters and overcoats. The one mishap occurred in this way; a Mexican boy asked the leader to hold his gold watch for him while he boxed. She kept the watch under one hand while playing checkers with a small Gypsy, but left it when she got up to rule on a point of boxing. When she returned an older Mexican was saying to a Gypsy, "Come on—give it up!" And the watch was just vanishing into the blouse of the Gypsy. Without a word he handed it over and burst into a laugh when he saw the *Gajo's* face. No doubt he would have kept the watch, had he been successful in his thieving, but being caught turned the whole affair into a huge joke; a joke, not on the members of the club or the leader, but on himself and he was the first to see it. All evening he kept chuckling over his own misfortune.

If one means by shiftlessness the inability to provide for old age by accumulating a surplus of wealth during youth and middle age, then the Rom can never be accused of shiftlessness. Almost all of them are wealthier than are the teachers of the same age in our schools and universities. One boy of nine boasted of the several hundred dollars in the bank in his own name; another produced a bankbook which credited him with three hundred dollars. The sisters of these boys wear gold ornaments—strange old ear-rings and bracelets, and necklaces weighed down with gold coins—the proceeds of which would keep a small family for a year. When spring comes, and the Gypsy family makes ready for their annual migration, they no longer depart in the old fashioned horse caravan. No, though the father is content with a Ford, and often regrets the passing of the leisurely travel of former days, the sons demand Buicks and Cadillacs—and get them.

Whence comes this wealth; from palm reading alone? By no means, for the Gypsy woman has other occult powers beside that of telling the future; many of them are "cures" and brew magic messes, which, if they don't cure, at least satisfy those who come to be helped. One boy's mother was famous as a "cure" and when asked what she used he replied, "Oh, a black mass of something which she brought from Russia and two chestnuts." The men have their own means of livelihood. There is still in Chicago a group of Gypsy coppersmiths who are noted for their expertness and who command large sums for their work. And in the summer the men still do a bit of horse and automobile trading in rural districts.

Fauns of city streets

A Gypsy Trio

The life of the Rom as we find it amid city surroundings is still tribal in form and consequently close-knit and loyal in spirit. The women hold the family wealth in jewelry, silks, shawls, and eiderdown mattresses which can be easily transported and personally guarded in camp or on the road. There is close understanding among the members of the tribe. The father is loved and respected and the honor of the women of the tribe is the concern of all the members—a boy will go to any ends to defend the names of his mother and sisters. But he won't hesitate to fool them about how often he plays truant from school. He obeys his elders in most matters, and to the "head of the wagons," usually an older Gypsy woman, he gives unquestioning and devoted obedience. It is the chosen "head of the wagons" who decides

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when they will move and where, and it is this "head of the wagons" among the true Roms, who discovers the dawning of that mysterious day when they shall depart for the summer wandering. The men talk, boast and make a great show of authority, but the tribal head has the final word. She is usually a quiet person, very quiet, whom the onlooker would never suspect of any unusual powers.

Though living under the domination of the one over the group, with rare exceptions, the women are content. Their interests center about their children and the children return this devotion with a fidelity and loyalty often lacking in other racial groups. For instance, the only fight of the year that occurred in the Mexican-Gypsy boys' club started because a sixteen-year old Mexican made a slighting remark about the mother of a thirteen-year old Gypsy. Although the Mexican was twice the size of the Gypsy, he flew at him with such ferocity that to stop the fight the entire club had to be sent home. And it took two weeks of patient and tactful explaining to convince the Gypsies that the rest of us did not look with scorn on their mothers and sisters.

Another example of family loyalty and also of self-control was shown by three Gypsy boys varying in age from seven to fifteen. It is the custom among the Gypsies that when a member of an immediate family dies the family goes into mourning for a certain period, during which time they cannot attend feasts nor take part in any gaiety. There is at Hull House a group of Gypsies who meet once a week to paint; the first night these three boys were there, they refused to use colors in any form though, thinking they might not like water-colors, the director offered them chalks and pastels. They said they might use white chalk on black paper or black chalk on white paper. The smallest boy, particularly, seemed to be experiencing slow torture while watching the other boys paint and at last his brother was induced to explain their dilemma: "You see, our brother died and for three mon' we can't dance, sing, or whistle; we can't paint. No colors, only black or white or maybe dark brown chalk."

Several weeks later a party was given to which all the mothers, fathers and sisters of the boys were invited. More than forty people came and although the little girls danced and several Mexicans sang their songs, and a group of Romani children sang in Romani the three boys in mourning took no part in the general fun. Toward the end of the evening when they were playing Going to Jerusalem, the excitement proved too much for the seven-year-old Gypsy and he fought with his older brother to be allowed to join in the games. When he finally did take part the older brother wept and went home disgraced.

IT was a small Gypsy in this same art class who furnished the director with one of the most sincerely thrilling moments of her year. The first night the group met a large number of children trooped in eager to paint. As the director was handing out material to them, Eframos, aged six, rushed in: "O! teacher! I want to paint! I want to paint a Christmas tree. Quick!" he gasped; his expression was so intense that *teacher* dropped everything she was doing to hand him water, brushes, paints and paper. Without waiting to find a suitable place at a table he threw himself on the floor and began to paint. In ten minutes his painting was finished: a blue spruce, each limb uplifted at the end, against a cream background was surrounded by six-pointed stars. "There!" he sighed, "that's done, I'll start another."

During seven months contact with ten and more Gypsy boys one of the residents of Hull House found only one with an inclination to cheat in games. Another resident spent many afternoons playing ball with small Romani children on the stone terrace. He afterwards remarked that he had never encountered in any children such an acute sense of fair play.

One of the most absurd traditions about the Gypsy is that he is a child snatcher. As it has been pointed out somewhere, the idea is illogical and ridiculous on the face of it. Any pale-faced child would be conspicuous among the dark children of a Rom, and would subject him to that inquiry by the police which many people find inconvenient if not hampering. Moreover, why should he go out of the way to steal a child of the despised *Gajo* when he always has more than plenty of his own?

Despite the limitations of Gypsy nomadic habits, there is much in their happy and colorful life from which hectic America could learn. Already, with the coming of the automobile we have picked up the travelling trait and all summer long one can hear in loud, proud American tones at almost any stopping place from the Adirondacks to Glacier National Park, "Yes, we're just gypsying across the country. Just packed up and started out for the summer."

When one considers that the people who live in this naif and chaste fashion are extremely passionate, full of the joy of life, virile and strong, one acknowledges that at least in their own case, innocence and tribal discipline work and work very well. There is in the women's attitude toward their purity a sense of humor which no outraged or insulted American girl ever attains in regard to her own. Often one can see a young Gypsy girl laughing from her doorway at the discomfiture of some man who stopped in, but who left after a severe drubbing much cooler than when he came. She simply laughs him away. Beyond a wholesome disrespect for too much security and aside from an innate respect for nature, there are many other things which Gypsy life has to contribute of value to America. Eventually more of us should thrill to the Borrow books and other tales of Gypsy fires abroad and at home. And one can understand by looking straight into a Gypsy girl's eye how it happened that Russia's beloved Pushkin became involved in a fatal duel over a Romani.

It is obvious that a race has not remained the selfsame race for centuries for naught. Perhaps as the years roll on we shall swing back, ourselves, to appreciate more the cradle-land of the human race: India, Asia. And if we do we can pick up many of the loose threads of human history from Romani and weave them into our conception of things. No one who has sat with Gypsies about a Gypsy fire will deny that what they offer to us is so rare and undefinable that it baffles us. We have gone racing along the paths of "progress" with such speed that none of our backgrounds remain permanently visible.

And yet in spite of his uniqueness, his dash, his flair for the natural pastimes of men the Gypsy is—as our Mr. Coolidge said of M. Herriot—a man of usual habits! That is to say, he eats, drinks, loves, marries and begets children. It seems a bit absurd to say that a race which has faced the hot and cold winds of various civilizations through the centuries will fail to weather the onrush of the American storm.

Having lost track of our starting point, and many points of reference, we nevertheless keep moving. A pause, a retrospect, might arouse in the most stolid a mellow fondness for that race which, individually, can never grow old.

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Folk Tales

Told by Steve Demitro

These tales, as told by a young Coppersmith Gypsy, are typical versions of old tales. Almost all Gypsy variants of old folk tales are droll and simple, with more of sham than of magic about them, and embellishment only in the way of many tales conglomerated together.

The Jacket of the Priest

THERE was a very poor priest who owned a cow. Christmas was coming so he told his wife to go and sell the cow to buy winter clothes for the children. And he added that there surely ought to be enough money left to buy himself a warm fur jacket. So the old wife started out on her way to the market to sell the cow.

Before she had gone very far she met a man who said, "Old lady, where are you going with that cow?"

She told him, "I am going to sell it to buy clothes for my family."

"But no one will buy that old cow that way," said the stranger, "Let me cut off one of her front legs and your husband, the priest, can pay me the next time I come to church."

"Thank you!" said the old lady, "I am glad you have helped me to get a better price for my cow." And the man cut off her left front leg.

Then the woman went down the road until she met another man who asked her, "Do you expect to sell that old cow that way? You have to have all her legs cut off to get a big price. I shall not charge you anything for cutting them."

The old lady was glad she had met the man and said, "Thank you! I am sure my husband, the priest, will pay you for your trouble." So he cut off the other three legs of the cow and went in the opposite direction. By this time the cow had become poor and was nothing but skin and bones, so that the woman could drag her along in the road as easily as if she were a bundle of wood. Then she met another man who was very pleasant, and who said, "My good lady, I can see that you are on the way to the market with that fine cow. I am afraid you will not be able to sell her unless her tail is cut off. I will not charge you anything except that I may have the tail to make some soup."

"Thank you!" And the woman said, "But I am sure that my husband, the priest, will be glad to pay you for your trouble if you come to his church some day."

At last when the wife was in sight of the market, dragging the body of the cow behind her, there was a man on the road who asked her, "Old lady, do you want me to cut off the head of that cow before you get to the market? They never buy a cow with her head like that."

"Yes," said the woman, pleased with the men who had been all of them so kind to her, "and you may have the head, and my husband, the priest, will pay you extra for your trouble."

"All right, I shall come to his church soon," said the man while he cut off the head. Then he walked away and the woman went up the street to the market, and all the people laughed at her dragging the body of a dead cow. There was another priest there who helped her to skin the cow and when they were finished he said, "Now you had better go home. Your husband will be worrying about you." And that priest picked up all that was left of the cow and walked away. The old lady had the skin of the cow which was all dusty from dragging in the road.

She rolled the skin around a stick of wood and started back home with the bundle on her shoulder. She was weeping because she had no money and no cow either.

When she got near to the house the children looked out of the window and saw her and were happy. They shouted, "Here comes our mother with nice warm clothes. We can put them on and go out to play." As the woman got closer they saw that all she had was the skin of a cow, and every one of the children cried. But the priest did not see her as she came back, and he never knew how it happened. He did not notice the children as they shivered that winter for he had a nice new cow-hide jacket. "Wife," he told her when she handed him the jacket, "after this, I shall always send you to the market. You drive good bargains."

The Priest and the Jackass

THERE was a priest whose people never paid him anything for preaching. After almost all of his money was gone he decided to do something about it. He made a journey into the city and bought a new donkey and had a handful of goldpieces left. When he was on the way home in front of the house of one of the men of the church he put some of the gold into the mouth of the donkey, and while he stopped to talk to the man one of the gold pieces dropped out.

"Oh, priest, is the donkey for sale? How much do you want for him?" asked the man. "I will give you a fine price. It is a good donkey." And the little jackass slobbered out another gold coin.

But the priest pretended not to see and rode on along the way home, and the man followed all the way to look for pieces of gold.

The next day the priest rode the donkey out to the house of one of the rich men of the church, and again he put several gold pieces into its mouth just before he reached the man. And the rich man heard a jingle when the foam dropped on the stones from the mouth of the donkey and he looked and saw the gold. But he turned away so that the priest would not see him looking.

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"How do you like my new jackass?" asked the priest. "I bought him in the city this week. Paid a high price."

"Looks sick to me," said the rich man. "I believe he has the heaves. I think I could cure him if you let me have him for a while."

The priest looked at the donkey and then at the rich man: "I never heard of a donkey having heaves. Anyway, I can not part with him. I have to have some way to travel."

"That's so," answered the rich man. "I will trade you my best horse for him."

"No," said the priest, and he went trotting up the road, and when he was out of sight the rich man followed the tracks and looked in every wet place in the dirt for a piece of gold.

When the priest went home he fed the donkey nicely with fresh clover so that it would slobber more than ever. Then he rode to the store of another man and tied the donkey to the post, with his last three goldpieces in its mouth. The big storekeeper came out and talked to the priest: "Hello, priest, I heard you went to the city the other day."

"Yes," said the priest, "bought this jackass. My, but he foams a lot at the mouth. I am afraid he is going to vomit." The priest had seen a gold piece hanging on the edge of the lip of his donkey and wanted to be sure the storekeeper would look.

The storekeeper saw the gold and went very close and looked into the mouth and saw the other two pieces of shiny gold on the donkey's tongue.

Then he said to the priest, "Oh, priest, you had better leave him with me and do not ride him home. He is very sick."

"But I am in a hurry," said the priest and he trotted off with the donkey. The storekeeper knew that the two gold pieces were in the mouth so he came along the same road later to look for them. At the stable of the priest as it was getting dark in the evening the three men who had seen the gold drop from the mouth met one another. They were coming to steal him since they could not buy nor borrow.

But the priest knew they would come so he walked out and asked what they wanted. They were ashamed for being there but the rich man said: "We want to buy your donkey."

The priest said, "Since all of you want him so bad I shall sell but the price is very high."

The men answered, "We shall give you a bushel of gold for him."

"No," said the priest, "I want a bushel apiece. Three bushels of gold."

"And the donkey is ours forever?" they asked.

The priest looked at the tiny donkey, not much bigger than three bushels of gold, and told them: "Yes, as soon as I get the three bushels of gold the donkey is yours forever. But you must remember that I did not want to sell."

"All right," they answered him, and very happy, they went to their houses and got their gold and came back and gave it to the priest.

After they had the donkey for a month they were very angry for not a single piece of gold had come out of its mouth.

"You have fooled me," they told one another. At last they went to the priest and told him, "Priest, we have gotten no gold from the mouth of the donkey we bought."

The priest laughed and said, "Who said you would?"

The rich man spoke for them, "But we saw it for ourselves before we bought him—many pieces of gold dropped out of his mouth."

"Oh, well, if that is what you bought the donkey for you must keep him in a tight barn," the priest said, "and you must feed him nothing but oats and give him no water. But I do not promise that it will happen."

So the three men took the jackass to a tight stable and gave it no water for a week. Then they all came up together to look at it, when the week was over. The first man looked in and saw some yellow about its mouth, the rich man said:

"It is so heavy with gold that it has to lie flat down."

The storekeeper started in and he smelled a very bad smell. There was no gold. The donkey was dead.

That afternoon the priest buried his three bushels of gold, and the next morning he wore a new robe to his church and read the Bible to his people.

Steve

The Apple

ONE day in the early Spring there was a man who went fishing. He had not been by the water very long when a young girl walked out on a log by the bank of the river and teased him by throwing little sticks into the water so that he would catch no fish. The man looked at her and said, "Girl, why do you want to throw sticks into the water so that I catch no fish?"

The girl just laughed and threw another stick.

"I'll show you, Girl, that you cannot do that," said the man. And he went out on the log where she was.

When evening came she went to her home and the man went to his home.

After almost a year had passed the girl had a little baby. But there was no one for the little boy's father, so the girl's father had to call the whole crowd of people together. And one of the old women gave the little boy an apple, and it was decided that whoever the little boy threw it at would be his father. The baby looked around the circle of men and drew back its arm to throw. The men turned pale and shut their eyes for they were frightened of marriage. While all had their eyes closed the boy threw the apple into the air and it went over the heads of the men who were scared and rolled down the hill.

That day was almost Spring again and the fisherman had been trying his luck in the same place as he had fished the Spring before. He was on his way

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home, walking up the hill, when the pretty red apple rolled against his boot. "Ah," he said, "what a nice red apple! Think of finding it here and at this time of year, too." He picked it up and carried it in his hand for he did not want to bruise it in his pockets. He said to himself, "This red apple will bring me luck; fishing will be better this year than last year."

When he reached the top of the hill he saw the crowd of people with the Girl and the little baby. The father of the girl turned around and saw the apple in the hand of the fisherman. It was enough. "You are the baby's father," he said.

The fisherman thought that they knew. "I am the father," he said to the old man. And to his child he said, "I have caught fish, and caught an apple and now I catch you. Ho! Ho!" Then he ate the apple and looked at his wife and said, "Well, now you cannot keep me from catching fish by your teasing."

And the wife laughed and all the men laughed and even the fisherman and the little son laughed.

Sam Patra and His Brothers

ONCE upon a time there was an old man and an old woman. The old man was a king and the old woman was a queen. She was about forty-five years old but had never had any babies. But one night she dreamed and the first dream she had that night was that if she tasted a fish she would have some babies. So she got up from beside the king and called for her waiter, "Waiter, waiter, go get me a fish."

"What fish?" asked the waiter, and to herself she said, "That old queen is crazy."

The queen said, "You know the pond . . . that pond has one big fish . . . that one big fish, I want to taste of him . . . I just now dreamed about that fish."

The waiter said, "What about that fish?"

The old queen answered, "I just dreamed about that fish, if I taste of it I shall have a son whose name will be Sam Patra."

"Then," said the waiter, "I know what I shall do. If you desire the fish I shall put the old fisherman to catch him, and he will surely catch him."

So the waiter went and told the old fisherman. And when she had finished telling him he said, "I cannot catch any fish in that pond. It is too deep and you cannot see the fish and you need too long a string to reach." But the fisherman tried to reach the fish. Soon he came back and said to the waiter, "I tried my best to catch him but I cannot."

When the waiter heard that she looked sorry and went back to the queen.

The queen asked, "Why are you sorry, waiter?"

The waiter's answer was, "Why should I not be sorry? The fisherman tried his best to catch the fish but he could not."

As soon as the old queen heard that, she was sorry, too, and cried herself back to sleep. She dreamed again about the fish and that if she did not eat of it she would die. She woke up, frightened, and called to the sorry waiter who had remained by her bed, "Waiter, waiter, wake up, and go and get all the fishermen in the town."

The waiter ran out and woke up all the fishermen in the town. They brought all their nets to the pond and soon had the one big fish and gave it to the waiter and the waiter gave it to the queen, and the queen got up and gave it to the cook, and said, "Cook, you had better not taste this fish or I shall kill you."

The cook said, "All right. I will cook the fish but I will not taste of it." Then she dropped it in the boiling kettle and cooked it.

The waiter came into the kitchen and said to the cook, "Did you put any salt on the fish?"

"No," said the cook, "The queen told me not to taste of it and I cannot season it without tasting."

So the waiter who knew how the queen liked her food, went and tasted the fish. As soon as she tasted of it she grew sick. As soon as she felt herself growing sick she whispered to the cook, but the cook did not understand and she, too, tasted the fish. And she, too, grew sick.

Then the queen shouted from her bedroom, "Why do you not bring me the fish to eat?" The waiter put some in a silver dish and took it to the queen. As soon as she tasted the fish she, also, grew sick.

And the queen had a baby, and the waiter and the cook had each of them a baby at the same time.

The queen's baby was Sam Patra, the cook's son was Sylvius, the waiter's son was Lazillia. But the three children called themselves brothers, when they grew older, because they looked so much alike.

II.

When the three boys had grown into men, one of them said one day, "Oh, brother Lazillia, let us go for a little hunt."

"And with what will we shoot big animals?" asked Sam Patra.

Lazillia said, "I shall take my bow and arrow," and Sylvius said, "All I shall take is my sword," and Sam Patra said, "Well, then, I shall take my gun with me. Are you ready, brothers, to go?" They took their horses and went, and left a note for the king to read where they had gone.

When they reached the bridge over the river they slept for the night, because they were afraid to sleep anywhere else.

Soon it was about one o'clock at night and the giant on horseback, who rode about in the woods came to the bridge, but the horse shied and did not want to pass. The giant cursed and said, "What is the matter, my horse, you never were scared here before." The horse seemed to answer, "Giant, you might get killed by Sam Patra." But the giant cursed again and muttered to himself, "I'll show Sam Patra what I can do with him."

But Sam Patra knew by the steps of the horse that the giant was coming. And as soon as the giant said that, Sam Patra jumped up and said, "Here I am, giant, what kind of fight do you want?"

The giant called back from the darkness, "Do you want to fight with me?"

"Yes, I want to fight. How do you want to fight? Swords are no good, swords are dirty, hammers are dirty, axes are dirty, everything is dirty but God left only wrestling."

Then the giant answered, "Are you ready to fight by wrestling?"

"Yes," said Sam Patra, "I want to fight."

They threw off their wraps and (*Continued on page* 58)

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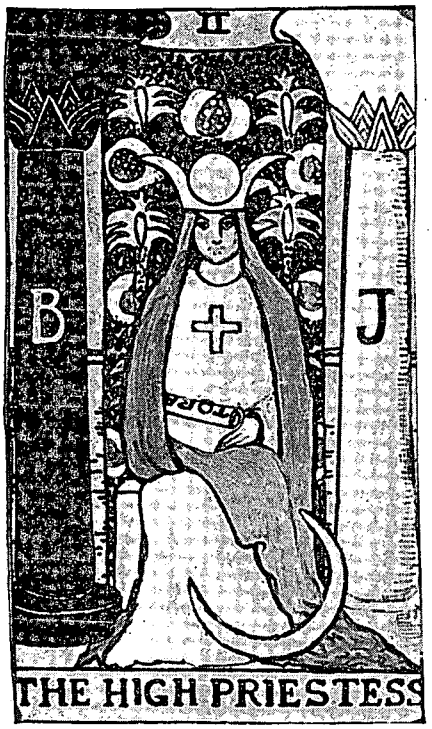

Three cards from the Gypsy Tarot

The Fortune Teller's Deck

By LEE McCANN

A COUNTRY orchard in summer. Caravan-wagons with shafts — and horses grazing near. Dark-skinned, aloof men pottering around a fire mending copper utensils. Children shy as wood creatures peeping from behind trees and wagons. Tawny-skinned women wearing heavy gold and silver ornaments, and red and orange kerchiefs tied around their heads. One of them brings out a pack of cards, old, greasy and covered with bizarre figures. You cross her palm with silver. She spreads the cards fanwise before her and reads your fortune—money, journeys, love and death.

This is a memory picture I have had from childhood when I was taken to see a Gypsy encampment on a neighboring farm. I never forgot the fascination of that old pack of fortune-telling cards so weirdly suggestive of strange magic, but it was many years before I discovered something of its interesting origin and history.

Among the numerous cryptic allusions which puzzled readers of T. S. Eliot's poem The Wasteland was a reference to The Hanged Man. Few could identify its meaning because outside of Gypsies and occasional seekers of forgotten archaic lore almost no one today has even heard of the Tarot, the Gypsy pack of cards of which the twelth symbolic trump is called The Hanged Man. Yet the Tarot has been called "the oldest book in the world" because many have claimed it to be the only surviving document of ages incredibly ancient, before the dawn of recorded history. Whether or not this is true, as occultists would have it, the Tarot is unquestionably full of the evidences of an obscure astronomical tradition of great antiquity. There are prehistoric metal discs from India in the British Museum that bear the original symbols of the four suits and it is thought that these discs may have been part of a complete set used as cards, no doubt for divinitory purposes. It seems fairly certain that the Tarot came originally at a remote period from China or India, through Egypt and Palestine reaching Europe through the Moors or the Crusaders about the fourteenth century where they were introduced as playing cards and soon changed to a form better adapted for gambling.

Various countries, times and peoples have left their mark on the Tarot, changing many of the symbols beyond recognition, and even conjecture. Medieval Europe Christianized everything that came its way, and cards though under the ban of the church did not wholly escape. For example, the trumps which relate to the moon and the planet Jupiter are called in the early Flabian packs The Priestess and The Pope, the former being clothed as a Madonna and holding the keys of an abbess. And before Europe, Asia had had its way with the cards for many hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. Yet in spite of all these changes, traces of the original symbolism still remain.

The Tarot consists of seventy-eight cards all of which are pictorial and may possibly derive from the time when all writing was ideographic. It is the remains of a primitive zodiac and may have been invented by the first astrologer-priests as a secret code of their divinitory knowledge based on the movements of the earth in relation to the sun, moon and stars.

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Gradually dissociated from the early knowledge of astronomy which was its basis, and passing through events and times at which we can hardly guess, it came at last to be so mutilated, so shorn of its ancient prestige that it exists today but the superstition of wandering tribes.

The Tarot consists of two parts. There are fifty-six suit cards, fourteen to the suit, and twenty-two symbolic trumps, or atouts, as they are also called. It is from the suit cards that our modern pack derives, shortened to fifty-two by omitting the cavalier of each suit. The symbols, however, are different. The Tarot appears to have been a part of the far-flung cult of Thrice Greatest Hermes which was a dominating influence in Greece, Rome, Babylon and Egypt. The symbols sacred to Hermes, and, as he was variously called, Mercury, Tholt or Nebo, are the emblems of the four suits of the Tarot. Scepters, cups, swords and coins. In place of these, but corresponding to them, are our club, heart, spade and diamond suits.

The Hermetic symbols are said to represent the earliest occupations and castes of mankind. The burgeoning bough which pictures the suit of scepter may easily be accepted as the scepter of the earliest rulers who were lords of the woods and fields. Next rank cups, the emblem of the priestly caste and derived from the chalice. Thirdly come swords typifying the military. Lowest are pentacles or coins significant of the traders and money-lenders.

Silver was the metal sacred to Hermes. The silver coin which crosses the Gypsy's palm is a fragment of the temple rites when those who consulted the oracle of the god must first make an offering of silver to his priests.

The first card of the twenty-two atouts is called The Magician. It shows the figure of Mercury identifiable by the magic sign of infinity about his head, his wand of power and the sacred symbols which lie before him. He is also seen in the twenty-second card of the series, called The Fool. This card bears no number but tops or reinforces other cards. It stands for luck and has the volatile, irresponsible character of Mercury. It is the origin of the Joker in the modern pack which is so called because the peaked cap of Mercury became distorted into a jester's cap in the early European packs. One of the most interesting of the atouts is the twelfth card, The Hanged Man, to which earlier reference was made. It shows a handsome youth crucified with his head down and typifies the sun myth so universal in antiquity, and the basis of religion, according to Sir John Frazer, wherever a dying god was worshipped. Its meaning relates to the winter solstice when the sun was said to die each year. To the Gypsies this is the card of sacrifice and atonement.

Another card which is full of suggestion is the tenth, The Wheel. The earliest sun glyphs were wheels. Since the fate of the earth is dependent on the turning of the sun wheel and linked with the periods of darkness and light, it is logical that the wheel should symbolize individual fate and its changes of fortune. In the Tarot the wheel is shown surmounted by a Sphinx. To one side, ascending, clings the Egyptian god of good, Anubis. Typhon, god of evil, clings in descending posture to the other side.

The number thirteen is one of the most ancient superstitions of dark import. It is the card of death in the Tarot, but exquisitely pictured as a skeleton mower in the wake of whose scythe crowned heads, hands and feet push up through the world to replace those he has cut down.

The planet Saturn, also of sinister significance, and the astronomical original of Satan, appears as the fifteenth card of the Tarot, called the Devil. Chained to the block on which he stands are a man and woman significant of the power to bind which is characteristic of Saturnian influence.

A lucky card is the seventh, a number to which the Gypsies ascribe high mystical powers. It is called The Chariot and sometimes The Victor. It shows a crowned king driving a splendid car drawn by two white horses. This is quite obviously the chariot of the sun in which he daily made his journey across the heavens.

Space does not permit a complete and detailed description of the cards, each one of which has its special symbols bearing the traces of ancient wisdom and high mysteries now lost and forgotten.

These brief notes are but an indication of the occult fascination and interesting archaic lore which the lover of early symbolism may extract from the quaint cards of the Gypsies.

Gypsy, an etching by Norah Hamilton

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Hungarian Gypsy Music

By JOSKÁ DE BÁBARY

OF ALL the Gypsy musicians of the different countries the Hungarians have achieved the greatest popularity and renown. Their characteristic music, and the great number of eminent and talented musicians among them, undoubtedly entitle them to high rank. A part of this is due to the melancholy motifs of the ancient Hungarian songs (originating from the people) and to the most fiery of all the ancient Hungarian dances, the csardas. In the performance of these the Gypsies surpass all the other performers.

The reputation of the Hungarian Gypsy orchestras has penetrated all parts of the world. The center of their activities was Budapest, famous for its pulsating metropolitan life. Tourists who visited Budapest heard with amazement, in the glittering coffee-houses and larger hotels, the charming melodies of the Gypsies. From all parts of the world came impresarios and hotel directors to listen, to engage orchestras. Some of the more celebrated of these traveled over two or three continents. Twenty to twenty-five years ago they were paid high figures for those days. There were numbers among the famous *primases* (directors—the leader of the Gypsy orchestra is always the violin soloist) whose wages in foreign countries amounted to three pounds a day, which at that time meant a great deal of money.

Most of the orchestras attained distinction through the person of the *primas*, but sometimes their uncommon repertoire and unusual harmony harvested the laurels for them. In the orchestras in which the *primas* dominated, he, himself, was a great attraction. The appearance of the more distinguished orchestras was impressive, all of them in full dress. Several of the *primases* have been widely known for their elegance and used frequently to entertain counts and barons in their homes. Numbers of them have achieved *virtuoso* perfection in some of the specialties of violin technique (staccato, flageolet, etc.) and many great musicians have expressed to them their admiration.

These are the more striking examples of native talent, not because they readily became *virtuosi* but for the reason that most of them accomplished this without any serious schooling.

Naturally, there are on the other instruments, also, large numbers of eminently talented musicians among the Gypsies.

Gypsy orchestras are composed of the following instruments: violin, viola, cello, cimbalom, small and large clarinet and contra-bass. Usually the orchestra has ten to twelve members. We shall have to consider the cimbalom separately, it being a special musical instrument of the Gypsies, which is not used by any other kind of orchestra. Its origin may be traced back to the primitive Chinese and Indian small striking-instruments of thousands of years ago. The up to date cimbalom has a range of four octaves. Foreign countries became acquainted with this interesting instrument through the Gypsies, and have acclaimed many soloists upon it. One of the most renowned of them was Gez Lanyi. In a great many appearances of the great actress Louise Blaha, the nightingale of Hungary, he was partner and participant in those warm ovations with which the Hungarian public paid tribute to the genius of Louise Blaha and the long silent cimbalom of Gez Lanyi.

The most conspicuous peculiarity of the Hungarian Gypsy music (and of all Gypsy music) is the *ad libitum* performance. The mordantes used at certain points of the melody, the inwoven minor flights and cadences which ornament the melody and cause the monotony to disappear. It is through these very embellishments that Gypsy music achieves its Gypsy flavor. In typical Gypsy music we may constantly hear the "enlarged-second" which is another singularity of the Oriental people's music. The construction of their harmony is simple, which is most natural because they do not interpret the classical or the modern, but the folk-music.

Some say of Hungarian Gypsy music that it is only a "degeneration" of the Hungarian folk-music; however, those who express such opinion have forgotten that the very pearls of the Hungarian folk-songs were given by Gypsies (Panna Clinka, Lavotta, Boka, Bihary, etc.) not to mention the more recent ones. It is a fact that the embellishment of airs and songs in the above described manner can be heard from Gypsies only; still opinions differ a great deal whether a simple eight measure folk-song is musically more valuable in its simplicity than in Gypsy style. In contrast with this, however, according to the opinion of the great Hungarian pianist, Franz Liszt, what is known as Hungarian music is really Gypsy music—and he not only loved it, but valued it as well. It should be understood that the exclusive interpreters of Hungarian music are the Gypsies and the greatest part of their repertoire is composed of Hungarian songs and csardas. They made a profession of rendering popular music and had to exert themselves to make it as charming and agreeable as possible. If they had not then and did not now play it in the above described "degenerate" manner, then not only would their music be unknown at present all over the world but it never would have become popular even in Hungary.

The old renowned Gypsies (Bihary, Lavotta, etc.) were the first—not only in Hungary, but in Europe—to form orchestras for playing folk-music. They did it with such success that their popularity grew beyond the borders and soon we find them in Vienna, Paris, London, and the other cities of Europe, reaping such successes as were unprecedented in the history of orchestras producing folk-songs and light music. Hardly had they crossed the bounds of Hungary than they became the permanent musicians of the courts of foreign sovereigns—distinguished, honored, decorated. Afterwards, animated by the successes of the Hungarian Gypsies, popular orchestras were formed in Vienna and elsewhere. So let the Gypsy continue and embellish further, let him play in such manner as he desires; it would be difficult, anyhow, to take away from him with pen and ink that glory which he won for himself, from millions of men, with his music.

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Russian Gypsy Songs

I Miss Them in America

By ILYA TOLSTOY

Inspiring sounds of my voice will carry you, my friend, far away
There over the Saint River Ganges, my home, my dream and home. . . .

From Gypsy Song: "Lotus."

ALTHOUGH the Gypsies left their homeland many years ago they still have their own language, their own customs, songs and dances—which cannot be destroyed by any kind of civilization in strange countries. In Russian life the Gypsies play a large part. There is a fascination about them—their wagons and tents, their picturesque costumes, and their sometimes sad minor songs with deep melody, or yet their gay dancing songs with all the fire of the Gypsy blood. Even the naïve little thievings of these wandering artists have a certain charm.

Some of the best Russian writers and poets and musicians have given their finest efforts to expressing the life and spirit of the Gypsies. The poet Pushkin spent much of his life in Bessarabia with them and later wrote his great poem called The Gypsies.

From Bessarabia they wandered into northern Russia where they camp during the summer, usually returning south for the winter or settling in some small town. Year after year the same group of Gypsies can be seen camped along the roadway of yesteryear. To these camps, called *tabors,* Russian landlords used to come with guests to spend the evening along with some rubles. Even the more sophisticated ones who did not believe in auguries listened with excitement to their future foretold by a Gypsy crone. These gay parties frequently lasted during most of the night upon a Russian plain otherwise desolate except for a Gypsy fire embroidered with merry songs, and swift dances, to the strum of a seven-stringed guitar.

With these songs and dances, with mysterious telling of the future, trading of horses (and sometimes stealing of horses), the Gypsies made their living. Gradually many of the more talented of them found themselves desired as entertainers in the more exclusive restaurants and smart cabarets. These entertainers outgrew most of their nomadic habits of begging and stealing but remained true Gypsies at heart and in appearance, still aloof, casual, and abandoned as a swift wind. The women were chaste, and there is a tradition that the *tabor* when it reluctantly gave up one of its women, insisted that she be married, whether her Russian suitor were clerk or nobleman, and indeed, many of the foremost families of Russia boast of their Gypsy blood. Friendships of Russians with Gypsies, as well as marriages, were of a high standard; many people visited, and were visited by the Gypsies as friends, and called the old Gypsy women "Auntie."

Every Russian Gypsy has the gift of music and words. I have heard children repeat a song new to them the day before, with every small variation of voice and accompaniment. And with no knowledge of technique or musical notes, most Gypsies are able to improvise upon musical instruments which they have never seen before, and of which they knew nothing. This uncanny virtuosity exists with the same deftness and abandon in the Gypsy dance.

Gypsy songs are Oriental in form and Gypsy in flavor. They have come down from grandfather to grandchildren by word of mouth, and have lost not one element of beauty by this illiterate transcension. I quote parts of a progressive old drinking song, which abounds in overtones:

As a fragrant flower spreads its ôdor,
So the sparkling goblet calls us to drink.

Chorus:
Let's drink to Dashu, Dashu dear
For the world's seen no such beauty.

The Gypsy Guitar Player by Shulkin

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Again we are asking and handing the goblet
That you'll drink at once without refusing. . . .

Chorus:
Let's drink to Colia, Colia dear
Though the world's seen no such drunkard
etc., etc.

Some of the songs are sung in the Russian language, such as Ah Valenke, Oh Valenke (*valenke*: Russian felt boots).

Ah valenke, oh valenke
You are not under-soled, old ones
You are not under-soled, old ones

Oh you, Colia, Colia Nikolai
You sit at home and don't go out
You sit at home, at home and don't go out

Don't you go to the other end (of the village)
Don't carry there the rings and earrings
Don't you carry there the rings and earrings

Than carrying of the presents
Better to under-sole the valenkes
Much better to under-sole the valenkes

What kind of friend, friend of me
When you have seven mates
When you have, have seven mates!

Ah valenke, oh valenke
You are not under-soled, old ones
You are not under-soled, old ones.

This song has many, many verses, and although it refers largely to Russians it is known as a Gypsy song, and sung by them.

Many of the songs are sung only by the travern-gypsies, those who although they may know little of books have learned a great deal from the life, and who are sometimes called the educated Gypsies. These songs are frequently sad and wistful, the delight of Russians. "Dreaming weeping willows" is a typical one:

Dreaming weeping willows
Lowly bowing over the brooks;
Rills running hurriedly
Whispering in darkness of night,
Whispering and whispering in darkness of night.
Thoughts of past and distant
They wafted to me,
By ill and lonesome heart
Drawn toward those past days,
Drawn toward those past and bright days.

Oh, where are you, my dove?
Heart's desire do you remember me?
Or like I do you suffer,
Crying in darkness of night,
Crying and crying in darkness of night?

The songs lose a great deal in translation; the modulation of the Romani throat is gone and the ever-present minor note. One of the finest romantic Gypsy songs is called by its first line: "You asked me today, chidingly." It translates roughly as follows:

You asked me today, chidingly,
Why I am silent when I meet you.
Understand that by empty talk
I do not want to insult you;
You are free, like a wind over the steppe
Dash to the fortune of your life;
But I am bound and heavy those chains,
Heavier the golden than iron ones.
I cannot tear these bonds
Which I weakly and silently drag.
That is why my looks are so sad,
That is why I'm silent when I meet you.

After the Revolution, for a while, the Gypsies were considered as the diversion of the former wealthy classes; and were hardly heard or heard of. But soon they were recognized as artists and musicians. They gave several evenings of Gypsy songs in Moscow, with a hundred singers, twenty-five guitars, and many dancers. It was a glorious performance and helped bring back the Gypsies in the life of the Russian people. Now, again, one can [illegible] Gypsies in many places in Moscow and Petrograd. And the field Gypsies travel about as always.

The Gávengróes

*Rommany verses drawn from conversation with English Gypsies, by Charles G. Leland**

As mándy was pirryin 'pré the dróm,
I dicked the pátteran of a Róm;
Of a Rómmany chál as I did know;
And the náv o' the mush 'us Petulengró.

And longo duro did mándy jéss,
Till I wélled to the yag where yúv did besh;
And he pens me "Sarishán?"—"How do you do?"
For a tácho Róm was Petulengró.

What bak ta-divvus? I pens, an' he
Pens "Wáfado bak" aja to me.
"It's wáfro bak wherever I goes,
An' all alangs o' them gavéngróes.

"If I lells a kóshter fon a bár,
There wells ta méngy a hóppercore.
And it's bak if I aint starméskeró
Along o' addúvel gavéngeró.

"Oh, I've lélled adústa o' kóvvo tem,
With its ryes and ráshis and sitch as them;
An' its párl the páni 'fore lángs I goes,
To a tem where there isn't no gávengróes."

The Police

Leland's translation from the Rommany ballad into English

As I was going along the way,
I saw the tracks where a Gypsy lay—
Of a Gypsy fellow whom I did know,
And the name of the man was Petulengro.

And so I went on the road a bit,
Till I came to the fire where I sit;
And he said to me "Sarishan?" [illegible] do?"
For a real Rom was Petulengro.

"What luck for the day?" I [illegible]ed, and he
Said, "Wery bad luck" again me;
"It's wery bad luck, that never will cease,
And all along o' these here police.

"If I pulls a bit of a [illegible]hedge,
There's a bobby a bobb[illegible] along its edge;
An' it's luck if I ain't in prison a piece,
An all along o' that 'ere police.

"Oh, I've had enough o' this land, I say,
With its lords and parsons and sitch as they;
And it's over the water I goes like geese,
To a land where there isn't no police."

*Leland's collection of English songs was the result of a conscientious attempt to "use simple language and keep strictly to real English Rommany both as regards words and expression." As in the Russian Gypsy songs quoted by Tolstoy, flavor and imagery are affected by the country where they are sung.

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Puri Rómani Dyes

By LOUISE RICE

I HAVE often wished that I could draw, even ever so little, that I might have made the noble profiles of real Gypsy women whom I have met into a little gallery of pictures, for memory's sake.

These profiles are mostly old. Of the younger generation there are few like Georgina Boswell, that dainty bit of Romani royalty, but hers is, of all the profiles, the most extraordinary. If you will go to any museum where the mummies of Egypt's long dead princesses lie, and will observe the profiles there, you will see Georgina, to the life; proud, high arched nose, short jaw, large, slanting eyes, square shoulders, small, compact thighs, and slender, fine hands and feet of distinction. We once had her photograph taken with her own Gypsy handkerchief drawn about her brows and the effect was startling.

They live in my inner sight with extraordinary vividness—these portraits. One of the most unusual is that of a Stanley who for many years has roamed through the southern states with her husband. They own a number of farms in Kentucky and are very well to do, but have never for a moment considered "kairin" (housing) as possible. A tall old woman, lean and brown, usually dressed in bright calico, although her head scarf is always silk, for which she pays as much as seven dollars a yard. The big green brooch in antique gold which clasps her dress can be bought for a dollar in a great many places where imitations of old jewelry are now found. The only difference between such dollar ornaments and hers, is that hers is real. As it is one of the largest emeralds that I ever saw and is at least two hundred years old, I fear to give it a value. A jeweler whom I once took to her wagon almost fainted away when he happened to look closely at it.

Mrs. Stanley knows the Bible almost by heart and can quote Shakespeare by the page. She knows Dickens and Trollope and Eliot and Byron, has never seen a motion picture, has ridden on a train twice in her life, never slept under any roof save that of her *wardo,* and has the manners of a Grand Duchess. I have seen her, in the space of half an hour, reduce a dangerous tramp and a high brow college professor each to cringing submission.

Then there is Grace Hearn, who is about thirty, belongs to the Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist church in the town where she winters, and is pretty as a bit of [illegible]. All she needs is the scraps of costume which made up the popular style of 7000, B.C. Grace speaks Romani with fluency, reads French, likes the motion pictures and loves a joke. But when she stalks into the tent which she lives in for five months of the year, near an amusement park in Ohio, and prepares to "dukker"—something odd and arresting falls upon her, a veil, a shadow—a mantle of authority and power. Old Egypt stirs!

In my hall of memory I keep the picture of Mrs. Young, the mother of Georgina, a gay and laughing girl at seventy, waggish, fearless, apt at any time to frighten her grandchildren half to death by leaping, bareback, onto a horse, and sending it flying with her drumming heels. But in red silk from head to heels, with her massive head covered with the rare old lace which was her handkerchief—a puro Romani rawny, indeed!

Mostly the women, of the generation past Georgina, were a thought more hearty. They were a little more surely of the open spaces, but they were also great ladies, no more daunted by beggar or king than a king himself, and twice as disdainful of many things as any king I ever heard of; the *puri Romani dyes* or real Gypsy mothers, prouder than Lucifer, and so sure of their places in the world that they possessed the power of impressing even dull clods with something of awe.

Once, in the downtown districts of New York, I came on a red faced Irish policeman "moving on" a Gypsy woman of rather advanced age. She slowly drew her arm from his touch with a movement of supreme disdain and said:

"Gajo!"

That word, in a real Gypsy mouth, can be a tender yet half apologetic caress, as to an inferior but beloved friend, and it can have a snarl in it that has just the quality of a jungle snarl. Well, this old Gypsy woman snarled and the policeman moved back as if she had given him a blow. I walked up to her and said:

"Tacho, miri Dye!"

She dropped her deep, brooding eye at me and without a word accepted my arm, on which she swam away with the peculiar swinging gait of the Gypsy woman, which is proud, disdainful and triumphantly sensuous. There is not another walk like it among all the daughters of men.

There is a reason for this.

The hook nosed, beautiful eyed, chiselled profile women are not only proud of being Romanies, against which they count the rest of the world as little better than cattle, but of being *"Romani rawnies and dyes."*

I DO not think that even the few people who have written understandingly of the Romani have quite penetrated to the inmost heart of Romani womanhood. In this, as in everything, what the Romani *says* and what he means are very, very different.

The subjection of the Romani woman, as appearing in even tales which do the race a fair amount of justice and which show its peculiar psychology, is due to the fact that the Romani hardly ever speaks what is in his heart and that he usually, and as a matter of course, and even among his own, will say the thing which is not.

There is no talk among any men of any race which is so swaggeringly masculine as that of the genuine Gypsy. He is very much the master. He likes his own good looks. He dresses the part. He is always talking about his love affairs. He accepts the attention of his wife and her open expression of passionate love for him with a lordly air. The Gypsy woman yields to his whims, pets him, admires him, is not backward about declaring how much she loves him. The average American man and woman of even some under-

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standing of the Gypsy finds this a bit revolting. I have had many say to me that it was a thing which offended them, despite the charm and attraction which they found in real Gypsies.

Well! If there was ever a situation in human affairs which would cause a person "in the know" to hum that refrain of *Things are seldom what they seem,* it is this.

The Gypsy woman makes this gesture of absolute surrender to her husband and to males in general, for the same reason that men are most excessively polite to ladies in countries where ladies have practically no rights, at all. Yes, that is exactly the reason.

The swashbuckling and assertive males, if you will notice, do not consort with women of the Gajo races. If you go to the Gypsy, in either camp or the house where he is *kairin,* does *he* come forward and greet you and deal with you? Does *he,* as a rule, come forward, at all? He does not. He does not, even when he is of the generations which have been on American soil since ever the Indian trails gave place to the white man's roads.

Ask this fine gentleman to spend money. He will have about a dollar in his romantic looking red sash or in the Sweet and Orr overalls in which he is frequently found. His jewelry is modest. Usually a massive ring or two and, with the Hungarians and other Balkans Gypsies, the precious buttons of solid gold for his coat, and the gold tipped walking stick which he proudly displays as his badge that he is married.

ON the other hand, take the most educated and cultured of the English Gypsies, who are, of them all, the finest and most royal. Be at home with them, as I have been privileged to be, so far that their incessant talk, jesting and song flows on as if you were not there.

You will sit about the fire, after the day is done and the evening meal is over, and hear the comedy played (with endless variations) as follows:

"Woman, have you made money today?"

This is thundered from a stern mouth and accented by fiercely beetling brows.

"N-n-n-o-o—" she stammers, rolling her lovely eyes piteously.

He reaches either for one of the horse whips or for anything else which is handy and ominously weighs it.

"Woman, I shall beat you," he declares.

She shivers and looks down. She reaches across and slyly caresses his fingers.

"Take your foolish hands from me, woman," he adjures her. "I have no truck with women's nonsense. Understand that unless you do better I shall surely beat you tomorrow night."

She murmurs that he is too hard and in eloquent pantomime and with supreme artistry appeals to the others to say whether the lot of such a man's wife is not a hard one. We all nod compassionately and pity her and ten minutes afterward she is holding his hand again.

There is not a hint that this is delicious fooling and I do not wonder that many and many a person, even those who knew a good deal of the *chib,* and who have been admitted to a lot of intimacy with either *puro kaulli ratii* or the good *posh* and *posh* or even with wretched *didikai* like myself, who have only a little pinch of the black blood, should have been deceived.

The truth of the matter is that all this talk is gallantly graceful nonsense, just as there used to be that kind of nonsense in the Middle Ages, used by gentlemen to ladies, who had no place in the sun at all, save as their menfolk gave it to them. Well, the Gypsy man is in about the same position. Heaven alone knows what will happen to me, who thus let loose on a *Gajo* world a secret which is never even mentioned in *wardo* or *tan!*

IT is really the Gypsy woman who is boss. She owns the property, when there is any, and she is the unquestioned owner of the real wealth of the family, which is always in jewelry. How wonderful the jewelry is, of genuine Romani families, there are few anywhere who really know. Years ago, when one of the English Romani families were conducting a sort of marriage discussion with a half-English, half-Hungarian family, there was a bit of a shindy one night and the police came and arrested some of the English family.

They were aghast. Despite a lot of fiction written about the Romanies and the police, it has been rare, indeed, that any genuine Romanies have been taken in tow by the law. This family instantly gathered its wealth from the secret places in the wagons and poured into the Harlem Police Court with it. They also sent for me, which was a sensible thing to do, for they could not succeed in getting the polite but incredulous desk sergeant to do anything but smile at what was heaped before him.

As for me, even though I knew that they had wealth, I had never seen so much of it before, at one time, and I confess that I looked with apprehension around the room, where several ordinary policemen were standing.

The sergeant, being introduced to me as "a writing woman" and happening to know that I really was, invited my attention to the pile that lay before him.

"They want to put up that Five and Ten collection for bail," he said.

I stepped up close to him and said: "Sergeant—listen—for I don't want to say it out loud. That 'Five and Ten collection' is worth about a hundred thousand dollars, at the very lowest estimation, and some of those pieces are hundreds of years old. Get it out of sight before anybody realizes that it's real."

He goggled at me, unbelievingly.

"Why—that old woman, there, says that it's hers!"

It was. And there was a lot of it that she hadn't brought around. It would be her daughter's afterward. It would be the possession of the women and not of the men.

The marriage that was under contemplation was the arrangement of the two families, because one of the daughters of the English family had fallen in love with one of the boys of the *posh* and *posh* and made no bones about showing it. No reason why she should. When married, *he* would be the one to be proud of being married and she would go her free way in the world of the Romani and the Gajo, *except* for that beautiful self-surrender which publicly abdicated the real power possessed.

Even with the families where the real blood is down to almost nothing, and where the rest of it is adulterated with mongrel strains of all Slavokia and Latinum, this tradition persists. The good looking rascal who treats his wife and daughter with all the airs of an overlord is quite a different gentleman the moment that there is a real decision to be made.

The real Romani man is a (*Continued on page* 58)

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Merry-go-round

The Merry-Go-Round of Gypsy Life

Five water colors by ESTHER PECK

IN these drawings we have almost the seven ages of the Gypsy woman: the models were glimpsed on New York's East Side, the doll-like babies; the six-year-old, round-eyed with wonder; a quizzical and distrustful older sister who already has sensed the pitfalls of the world and is alertly defensive; the young married woman with her baby; and the old grandmother ablaze in purple and magenta—all these are sought in gypsy homes on Pitt and Broome Streets and persuaded to serve as models by Esther Peck.

"What for?" they asked.

"To make pictures—that's my business."

"How much money?"

The bargain was struck, and then baby sister, mother and the other children were brought to the studio to sit in turn.

The skeptical little girl came back the second day to say—

"That's a very good drawing. You will get a lot of money for it. I think you should pay more for me."

Reminded of her bargain, she turned on her heel and went quickly to inspect the portraits of the rest of the family while the artist struggled to set down the pictures, and silently vanished—on each picture the eyes had been smudged out!

These drawings represent members of one family—all were drawn from life except the grandmother who would have no traffic with such works. But old and leathery of face, stepping along the city street as lithely as a girl, she created an impression more vivid in the memory than many patient models who "sit" for hours.

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Water color drawing by Esther Peck

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Water color drawing by Esther Peck

DISILLUSIONED AT TEN

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Water color drawing by Esther Peck

MOTHER AND CHILD

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Water color drawing by Esther Peck

GRANDMOTHER GOES TO A WEDDING

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Why Live Like a Gypsy?

By VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

Etchings by Norah Hamilton

"WHY live like a Gypsy?" asks an English advertisement for one of the less portable comforts of home. Appropriately enough, this cunning indirect plea for the jolly old comforts of the ivy-clad cottage was thrust upon my attention while I was traveling from Welsh Gypsy trails to the promise of other Gypsy trails near Liverpool. Outside the train window an English autumn rain was falling.

Gypsy life did sound more romantic when the sun was shining. To sleep beneath the stars, caressed by a soft breeze—to wash in cool streams—to kindle a fire of dry brushwood—well, nearly everyone had his dreams of doing these things while the cares of the world went hang. But the sun wasn't always shining. The breeze was a cutting wind—the water was icy cold—the ground wet—the wood damp—cosy surroundings were wanted in a hurry.

And yet, the previous day at Llanbadarn in Wales, when a steady drizzle had come in from the sea, and my Gypsy hosts, smelling of wet horses, wet smoke, wet dogs, and wet humanity, had huddled into their van to receive me, it was all very jolly, and cosy enough. Within the van, tea and tobacco and the heat from a tiny stove had warmed our cheer as a bottle of port and a furnace might not have done. Life on wheels had charm. Descendants of the Boswells, my hosts, and people with tradition. While the rain trickled through the cracks in the roof of the van we drifted in argosy—memory visited old-time Roms, traveled ancient lanes, and crossed the sea in ships. One of the boys assured me that he had been in America until he boarded a Fall River boat from Boston to New York and awoke to find himself in Cardiff.

Later I shall reveal how I came by any Gypsy dialect at all. But with the Gypsies in the van in the fastness of the Welsh hills no revelations were necessary. I told them how I had been with the Gypsies on the common at Machynlleth and that I had been directed onward to Aberystwyth and Llanbadarn. And there I was, a lone half-Gypsy, craving hospitality. My hosts had been having a hard time of it traveling about, picking hops, selling baskets, telling fortunes at the fairs, telling fortunes from door to door, begging—"So many people nowadays claim to be Gypsies, you know, what with all their chatter of *Zingali* and what not, that no one has any faith in us anymore. . . ." But the evening brought home the one daughter of the van, a fiercely handsome, tall girl, with a bundle of groceries under her arm and half-crowns jingling in her pockets.

Night came quickly in the mountains. As the hour grew late some of the Gypsies slept, but several of the young fellows waxed merry, and sang. The handsome girl danced in the corner of the van. Husky, minor songs were sung, and drifted out over the dark Welsh countryside as fugitive as the breath of the Druids, as mysterious as the sounds of the Orient. The proud Gypsy vagrants of British lanes and alleys had no aspirations save to be free to move about, to sing, to dance. What matter fair weather or foul? No one understood them—that was their strength.

HOWEVER, the English and Welsh Gypsies possess close understudies. Across the meadow from the Boswell van was the van of a hawker. An old woman who peddled oil cloth, making many a sale to rural housewife by virtue of witch-like, long, dirty fingers and hard black eyes, occupied the van, called herself a Gypsy, and frightened farmers into furnishing a horse when she desired to move the covered wagon. Privately, the old lady confessed to me that she was not a "deep Romani" but that her daughter had married a Gypsy and had borne "three proper Gypsy *rais,* and as black as kettles, too." From her community of travels among Gypsies, in hop fields, about the fairs, the carnivals, the highways, she had acquired a fluent Romani *gib* and somewhat of the terrible prestige of an old Gypsy crone.

All over Great Britain the hawkers and roustabouts mislead the uninitiated with claims of Romani blood and breeding. The deception, subtle as it is, does not endure the tests which broaden beyond comparisons of language, customs and appearances, to comparisons of purpose in life. The hawkers, roustabouts and non-Gypsy hop-pickers are the left-overs of unemployment, of country holidays—homeless and wandering, the tramps and trampesses on wheels, who are at heart no more like Gypsies than are the

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"gasoline beggars" of the United States. They have their little freemasonry, they have their own little design upon the pattern of British life, and although in spots their design may overlap the embroidery of Romani, to the Gypsies *they don't belong.*

The hawkers are not cosmopolitan. To the hawkers I brought from America no vital "messages" nor did I receive any with which to return. To the hawkers the great white cities of the world were far, far away. But among the Gypsies I was received as an ambassador from all the Gypsies in America. I bore great tales of prairie camps, of automobile caravans, of willowy maidens who danced and dazzled and foretold futures with as much verve as there was vividness to their shawls and gowns—of rectangled and cubed cities where high up in the air educated Gypsies sat and drank their tea before going out to perform in hotel or theatre orchestra—of Gypsies who had gone to Mexico, Alaska, Brazil—of the American wanderings of the Coppersmith Gypsies who had passed through England before the war—in short, I was *en rapport* with their people. I knew their tricks. I seemed to share their secrets, their blood, their freedom from the cares of Western civilization.

LIVING like a Gypsy in England, therefore, while it is not always a comfortable picnic, is pleasantly romantic. Dirt through the inner eye takes on iridescence. Even through the scientific eye of His Majesty's authorities who reported to a select committee of the House of Lords on the Movable Dwellings Bill the Gypsies seemed a more cleanly class than the average East-End of London hop-picker, and their standard of living as good as that of the average agricultural laborer.

Their share in the culture of the kingdom, and their general education is, according to a recent survey of school children, more promising than that of many classes in society. A recent study of retarded children in the vicinity of London has shown Gypsy children to rate higher in general information than do canal boat children, physically defective children or ordinary backward children, of the same scholastic standing. In the hope of assisting the Gypsy talent for hasty learning into more disciplined ways the British Board of Education has instituted in several schools a special curriculum for Gypsy children. The lessons had to be restricted at first to twenty minutes each, as the children found it irksome to sit still at one subject for any length of time. Children in special Gypsy classes and special Gypsy children in other classes are reported as well behaved and showing little disposition to interfere with *Gajo* children or to join in their games. There is a special Gypsy School, partly portable, at Winterfold, Albury, in Surrey, but the pupils are largely the children of caravan tinkers, peddlers and roustabouts.

And thus Gypsy life in Britain persists. Augustus John paints its joys and sorrows from actual knowledge and experience so vast that he is well known as a translator of Gypsy songs and tales. The Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society, the contributors to which are predominantly British, records the British Gypsy in terms of philology, anthropology and sociology. Mr. Sampson has just published a four guinea work upon his secret and beloved Welsh Gypsies. Of all this appreciation the Gypsies are ignorant. They see the country in terms of the Law, the leniency of which must be gaged, of *Gajos* whose antipathy is more profitable in the psychological way than is their patronage, and of *Gajo* wanderers whose competition must be surpassed for the sake of survival. They are wondering about their own fortunes.

II

THERE are many varieties and sub-varieties of Gypsy life. In England the Gypsies are becomingly devoted to the English countryside. But in Spain and Russia and Eastern Europe the Gypsy station in society ranges from garroter and ronyon of derelict's cave to pampered idol of the orchestral stage. From Spain and Russia and Eastern Europe many Gypsies have come to America. And many have lingered in France.

I have seen but one Gypsy wagon in France. It was just outside of Paris and the denizens of the sorry vehicle were half starved, rat-like, almost black beggars, who squinted their eyes at all who came near them. When I approached the wagon with an armful of bread and cheese and a jug of wine the melodramatic assemblage of men, women and children tumbled from the wagon on all sides where the rolled-up top would permit, and begged for the food. I bade them sit down while I handed out the loaves and wine. These instructions were given in French. Then, raising my wine glass, I pronounced the traditional toast of Romani: "Bacch!" Shades of Bacchus, what convives we became! The most emaciated of the group raised himself to tall and sinewy grace and began to talk in a mixture of Rumanian and Romani which I could ill understand except that I caught occasional phrases suggesting that he was a Roman Catholic, that he lived by begging and tinkering and fortune telling, and that the very old man with rings in his ears was his father. I tried to answer as best I could in terms of his own language. The salvation of our conversation came in the form of the one girl of about fifteen with

Gypsy crone

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dirty, bare feet, who, having guessed my native tongue, came forward with fluent English describing many wagons of Roms in the south of France, the spring departure in Provence, the anniversary of the Three Marys, and the poor Gypsies about the suburbs of Paris.

But—the young lady insisted—there were many more Gypsies in the cafés of Paris than in all the roads and fields of France.

I found many of them in the cafés. My first "find" was a talented, but ugly, black-mustached man, who played the cimbalom at a Russian restaurant in the Latin Quarter. Without telling him of any Romani affiliations I complimented him upon his music and inquired where I might find other Gypsy musicians. He would be glad to take me. Our program at first led from one expensive café and cabaret to another without bringing us one whit nearer to Gypsies or Gypsy music. I was being gypped. Finally, when I had endured these Gypsy tricks to the limit of my patience I broke out in Romani, *"Me sum Rom; hoida! kai guiley Roms?"*—"I am a Gypsy; come along, where are these Gypsies?" Five minutes later in a Montmartre cabaret the cimbalom player and myself were fellow Gypsies in the kind hands of another Gypsy host, a mighty guitar player from Tiflis. It was enough. I was his guest from America, a Rom, a friend who knew his friends who had made fortunes with their music in America.

Gypsy dancer

These Gypsy entertainers in Paris—and they are legion—hail from Russia, Rumania, Hungary, Greece. Many of them do not call themselves Gypsies except among themselves. The women are flamboyant, fiery, independent—but faithful wives and sweethearts. Men and women alike seem actuated by no ambition save to live their lives as carefree as they can. I have seen them weep over a broken cello; I have seen them pay for the dinner of a hungry student. But—artless lovers of art and ophidian mannered—they are here to-day and there to-morrow. Farewells are considered unlucky, boding no return.

Once one of the Rumanian Gypsies, one cruel Baresco, accompanied me to Porte de Clignancourt to view the Gypsies who live in the neighborhood. An old woman with a face like leather passed before us. "There," said Baresco in English, "there, that old woman is the soul of the Roms. Beneath that cheap, dirty finery, overhung with coins of gold walks a filthy old animal, a pariah, whose stupid face is said to express menacing wisdom, awful truth—Bah! It is all theatre, my dear Stioppa. I take my sweat stained fiddle and play a heathenish tune—that is all theatre. But it is theatre away from which we cannot separate ourselves. Children of witches forever hiding behind a witch's skirt—"

Hiding behind the trappings of mystery one is apt to become somewhat of a mystery. *Voila!* Down the irregularly flagged alley came a youth and a girl walking with a regal air and puffing great clouds of smoke from their cigarettes. Sun swept, wind swept, ragged and tattered. Not peasants, not servants, not vagrants they. Too free their stride, too cunning their faces, too long and flourishing the skirts of the girl. Passing a chestnut man they appropriated a handful of chestnuts from his tray and a moment later handed them to the leather-faced old woman. With sober and unmoved countenances the three locked arms. It was as if the day's little conspiracy against the conventions of private property had been successfully completed. Theatre indeed!

The essence of Gypsy life, even in France, is not a flair for freedom, travel, music or thievery. Lots of *Gajos* have such flairs, individually and in combinations. Gypsy temperament disports itself in many occupations but the elusive Gypsy *metier* results in the manufacture always of the same product: an almost forlorn feeling of individual and social detachment from the responsibilities of the world.

III

BORN a Gypsy always a Gypsy. The Roms have no such slogan but the fact is taken for granted. Playfully and languidly they conform to environment without permitting external things, the technique of living, to affect their significant values. They are opportunists. In an England of heaths, hedges, meadows and lanes they are the woodsprites adorning the countryside. In a France of sunny fields and gay cities they are the beggars and troubadours who have furnished a *motif* and name for what is called Bohemianism.

In America: A caravan of three much battered but high powered motor cars swings into the gates of a county fair in a small Maryland city. It is evening, and the automobiles fade into the parked row of trucks and dilapidated cars of the snake charmers, medicine men and gambling men. Within ten minutes the three Gypsy cars empty themselves of more than a dozen children and as many men and women. Gay shawls, full skirts, painted shoes, bare feet, sunset.

The tent is raised, creating an enclosure of fifteen feet square with a roof seven feet above, slanting from a pole in the center. Eider quilts, and trunks are tossed into the tent. Booths are partioned off with drapes of cheap bright cloth. A sign is hung up on the front of the tent: "Madame reads your head and palms for 25 cents. Speaks seven languages." Madame appears with her fat little copper face inscrutable. She is a proud beggar. Her patronage consists of young men who fain would know the future, and of girls who are confused and frightened when they hear it. They cross her palm with a quarter. Madame is busy and her daughters assist until sometimes there are five women prophesying within the tent at the same time.

Meanwhile, where are the children? Some are about

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the tent but most of them are out pitting their wits against the crowd. And the men? They do well to loiter about the automobiles and the tent. There is a commotion and suddenly one beholds old Elia wresting a wallet from the hand of his daughter and presenting it, with courtly apologies, to a country youth. In loud, harsh English he curses the daughter. Who can suspect such an honest man who is cursed with a wicked daughter? Who, unless he heard the soft Romani voice of the daughter calling for help when the *Gajo* objected to losing his wallet?

Night comes on the fair ground. A night of song, of gambling with the *Gajos,* of dancing on the turf inside the folds of the tent. The day's receipts are locked within the trunks after every one is given a couple of dollars.

While the Nomads are lazing away in city or country, while the settled Gypsy musicians in the mill towns of America are playing for occasional holidays, while the tavern Gypsies are doing a turn on vaudeville circuit, at night club, or at a restaurant, the elegant metropolitan *Czigany* musician is performing at the best hotels, wearing a dress suit, and earning an enormous salary. These Roms, pinioned into city apartments, know much less of cities than their caravan cousins know. But what elegance, what pomposity, cunning, and what Continental manners!

They disprove the idea that defection from lane and covered wagon amounts to renunciation of Gypsy heritage. They know that the transcendent ecstasy of their virtuoso music is the cry and song of *their people.* They love the gentle anarchy and subtle mystery of Romani. Nearly always in conversation the parents of these most elegant Gypsies loom up out of the past as terrible roamers with knives in their belts and rings in their ears, pursuing life over steppe and mountain or up and down the Danube. And strange to say, when the father of one of these fellows did arrive in Chicago from somewhere in the Carpathian mountains he had great golden rings in his ears. These ear marks disappeared like magic two days after the old man came to live with his son. But from hotel lounge to beggar's doorway there is a genuine freemasonry among the Roms of America. It is a bond of blood and tradition. No matter how casual a fly-by-night or individualist, a Gypsy is always curious of other Gypsies.

Not long ago in Baltimore I visited a most wretched gang of Coppersmiths in an ill-smelling old house where rats cavorted about over the eider beds upon the floor. Their first bit of news was, "Jansci Rigo is dead." Rigo, silk hatted Rom, wedded to wealth and position, accomplished upon the violin, was to them little more than a legend, and yet they followed his fortunes as they might the fortunes of a brother. There followed the usual Gypsy conversation: "Who is in Chicago this winter? What has become of old Salvos? The Horokas are in Akron and the Demitroes are out West. What news have you?"

The most squalid and illiterate of American Gypsies know a great deal of what is going on in the world. Knowledge trickles among them of sailing rates and dates, of the leading actresses and actors, and of the new laws.

The telegram, boon of the ignorant, carries many of their messages and much of their money. Distant emergencies are frequent. Once in Chicago a nomad Gypsy father was called upon in the same day to wire five hundred dollars to his son in Texas and fifty dollars to his son in Detroit. He sent them six hundred and one hundred, respectively.

I myself am not a Romanichal. I am a *Gajo,* a despised outsider—a bold intruder upon the Roms. My presence upon many Gypsy trails has been made possible by some knowledge of the Nomad Coppersmiths and their dialect of Romani, a knowledge bestowed upon me several years ago by raggle-taggle Gypsy urchins in Chicago. After patient cultivation of the friendship of the children, I presented myself to their elders and, remembering my Borrow, hinted that perhaps I was *one of them,* whereupon a shower of red wine from a tea kettle met my explanations. It was a playful christening; I was henceforth known among the Gypsies as Stioppa. A Rom usually has a domestic name as well as a commercial name.

As Stioppa, as a Gypsy, I might frequent the haunts of Roms everywhere and have no fears. I might enter Gypsy doorways without announcement and depart without farewell. A few Gypsy friends who knew I was not of Gypsy parentage advised me always to tell other Gypsies that I was a Gypsy. As a result, my claims of Romani blood, no matter how remotely I might conscientiously base them, were ever open sesame to caravan or flat.

Why live like a Gypsy, in America? It is a career. No where else in the world may beggars with gold in their hands, illiterate linguists, untrained but skilful musicians and tellers of the future, make so much money. No where else in the world may one travel for thousands of miles and encounter fewer frontiers. But I never really lived like a Gypsy! As guest or adjunct of many a Romani feast and festivity I shared color and music, and sometimes I shared dirt and squalor—but I could not partake of their background, nor could I assume a temperament which would steer all desires into the paths of abandon. I never felt the bitterness of that anti-Gypsyism which, no matter how well concealed as terrible fascination or sugar coated as a desire to improve the Gypsies, is a condition of Gypsy life.

On the other hand, a year ago the mighty official spokesman of the Coppersmiths in Chicago fell from grace in the eyes of his people—he had broken almost every possible taboo and tradition—he was by Romani *kris* (Gypsy court) pronounced *marahime* or unclean, and likewise all who ate or consorted with him. He was, as it were, exiled from Romani. Alas for the verdict—this venerable Gypsy chief broke his tribal laws, but he is still going strong. The last time I saw him in the East his pockets were full of newspaper clippings about his capers, and the pockets of his wife were filled with money from his victims. "Why do you continue to live like a Gypsy after the Gypsies have kicked you out?" I asked.

"Why you try livin' like Geepsy when you are not one?" he retorted. And cranking his nondescript automobile he was, without farewell, gone West in a cloud of dust.

English hawker

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Gypsy Life

Intimate pictures of Gypsy homes and camps near Chicago, made into woodcuts by a group of Chicago artists

Few Gajos pass within the mystic Gypsy doorway except to have their palms read or to bedevil the Gypsies by having not a cent upon them; but those who have the entree simply as a friend may behold a life as colorful as the doorway that leads to it, including the proud beggar who often stands by her location all day long . . . an enigma to whom the bewildered may come, and do come, for advices. But to enter in *en rapport* is a different matter . . . few achieve it.

by W. E. Ross

by Charles Turzak

By crooked willow tree or steaming city stove, resourceful feet and slender waists are ever ready to fall in motion to the plaintive minor songs, and steadily become faster, and faster, and faster, unto a riot of color and abandon . . .

by W. E. Ross

Beneath majestic stars, many a Gypsy ember glows inviolate. The tent is raised, the eider quilts are banked within its walls, and naught of this world matters save freedom to pitch that tent wheresoever to-morrow may find them.

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His fuel frequently horse manure, his workbench as portable as any stake of wood, his material either salvaged from scrap or solicited for repair, his measurements done with most dexterous fingers . . . his nomadic career is an odd footnote to our industrial civilization.

by E. F. Detterer

by Charles Turzak

Some old Gypsy crone will tell you of brave days when veritable houses drawn by horses never ceased travelling about the country . . . And she was a bride then, and Andrea had stolen a monkey from the circus . . . it froze to death in a winter in Dakota, an early winter.

The fortune is not so much a matter of omen, augury, star, or line of hand as it is a conflict of wits, in which she of the flashing eyes, the gaily embroidered skirt, and the sadly beautiful voice, usually wins. Her mysterious flatteries stir the romantic and her dire predictions disturb the ignorant; she commands her price with a plea or a threat, and retains all of her integrity.

by Electra Pabadopoulos

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The Grounds for Doubt

By LOUIS STARK

EARLY on the morning of August 23, the lives of Nicola Sacco, shoe worker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, fish peddler, were snuffed out in the electric chair at the Charlestown State Prison. Thus ended the tragedy begun seven years previously when a paymaster and his guard were killed in South Braintree, Massachusetts, and robbed of nearly $16,000. This account will recite the swiftly moving events of the last act of the drama, played principally in and about Boston, three weeks before the two anarchists were legally done to death by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the doubts that arose in that period.

The first scene in the last act was played on August 3. When the curtain rose it revealed Governor Alvan T. Fuller standing in a spotlight that converged from all ends of the earth. In his hand was the decision pronouncing Sacco and Vanzetti guilty after "a fair trial" and holding that they were not entitled to a new trial. The report of the Advisory Committee, said the governor, coincided with the result of his own inquiry.

The news, flashed over the world, was a signal for the examination of Governor Fuller's report. Analysis of the decision raised important doubts in the minds of multitudes. The demand for the publication of the report made by the Governor's Advisory Committee was immediate. Five days later the second scene opened with the publication of the report of the Advisory Committee, headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University. Then the storm broke. Doubts that had been lingering in many minds grew and grew until the clouds of uncertainty, once no larger than a man's hand, attained colossal proportions. The governor and Mr. Lowell were flooded with letters, telegrams and cablegrams. Lawyers, publicists and writers analyzed the Lowell Committee's report in the light of the trial record, the charges against Judge Webster Thayer, the trial judge, and the new evidence following the conviction six years ago.

The New York World published a full page editorial on "Doubts that will not down." The New York Times published C. C. Burlingham's review of some of the Lowell Committee's findings "with indications of error." The Springfield Republican and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in lengthy editorial articles, also stressed discrepancies in the Lowell report. They were joined by liberal publications and others. Men of conservative views wrote to the newspapers. Everywhere there was doubt and uncertainty. From England, France, Germany and a score of other countries came a cry for mercy. The men lying in Charlestown State Prison had undergone a living death for seven years, was the cry. Pardon or commutation to life imprisonment was the hope.

For three weeks before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti Mr. Stark was in Boston covering the case for a leading conservative New York newspaper. He tells here, for Survey readers, a newspaperman's sober story of a city that "was a vast whispering gallery," and of the specific doubts —and the reasons for them—that grew out of the whispers and literally ran around the world.

But these views were by no means unanimous. From many sources, words of praise poured in on Governor Fuller and many said, commenting on the Lowell report: "When those three men said they were guilty that settled it in my mind."

With the execution but a few days off, defense counsel asked for a stay. It was granted reluctantly half an hour before the time set for the electrocution on August 10. The next twelve days were marked by a series of extraordinary legal efforts to save the men. Space prevents a detailed account of the kaleidoscopic events that continued until the moment of execution and that were still pending when their limp forms were carried from the execution chamber. There were motions for a new trial, for stay of execution, charges of prejudice against Judge Thayer, futile appeals to the state courts, the federal courts and justices of the United States Supreme Court.

When Governor Fuller left the State House early in the morning of August 23, as Sacco was being bound to the electric chair, he had before him the knowledge that the United States Supreme Court had on August 22 officially docketed two appeals for writs of certiorari which could not be acted on until October. He had on his desk a specific request from Arthur D. Hill, chief defense counsel, that alienists be allowed to examine Sacco and Vanzetti. He had another request from Mr. Hill, made three days previous, that execution be delayed until the matter of the Department of Justice files had been cleared up. He had before him the knowledge that the Department of Justice was willing to open its files to him or to President Lowell if they made the request. He had before him the pleas of the defense that he examine the files. He had before him five new affidavits made by witnesses discovered by the defense in the closing days.

The governor's secretary and that of Attorney-General Arthur K. Reading had before them in the last hour a request from counsel for delay of three or four hours until an airplane could be chartered to carry them to Federal Judge George Anderson in Williamstown. Direct intercourse with the governor and the attorney-general was cut off to this group of lawyers who were at a naval airport. A naval officer ordered them off the grounds when he found out who they were and told William Schuyler Jackson, a former attorney-general of New York, that "it would give me pleasure to shoot you." The lawyers received no reply to their repeated requests of the State House secretaries for a word with the governor or the attorney-general. Their last thread of hope was severed when a reporter in the

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State House informed them that Sacco was in the death chamber.

The Lowell and Fuller inquiries had not embraced examination of the Department of Justice files, held by the defense to be of overwhelming importance. Up to the last minute, entreaties that they look at the files proved unavailing.

On the last day in the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti Governor Fuller heard personal appeals of social workers, editors, lawyers, conservative business men and others who begged him not to allow the execution in what some called "indecent haste," while legal efforts were still pending. Trades unionists pleaded with him for clemency. His answer was an offer to prove that the men were guilty and to express regret that anyone should leave his office believing them to be innocent. The veins on his neck stood out as he accused some of those before him of reading Felix Frankfurter's book on the case or of talking of it with Mr. Frankfurter, a member of the faculty of Harvard Law School—a book which had raised doubts in many minds. The governor had other visitors, including newly elected officers of the American Legion who praised him and urged him to stand firm.

PLEAS for clemency were answered by the statement that the governor would not establish a "precedent;" other murderers would seek clemency. He had not granted the "car-barn bandits" clemency though they were Americans, one or two of them veterans of the World War. It was urged that the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti were exceptional, that wisdom and statesmanship demanded a respite or commutation.

The governor told his callers that Sacco and Vanzetti had had three trials, one before Judge Thayer, the second before the Lowell Committee and the third in his own private investigation. He would not want a fairer trial for his son than that by President Lowell, he said. It was urged upon the governor that even the Lowell report pointed out that Judge Thayer had been guilty of a grave breach of judicial decorum. He was informed that his own investigation had been held in secret, over the protests of the defense who did not know what was going on except by hearsay, that Sacco and Vanzetti had not been allowed to face their accusers as they would at a trial. He was reminded that defense attorneys were allowed to be present during the Lowell Committee's inquiry only on condition that they would not make public what was said (the inquiry was secret), that they were given permission to cross examine District-Attorney Katzmann, but were in the dark as to what he had said in direct examination which they were not permitted to hear. They were not allowed to examine Judge Thayer on his statement before the Lowell Committee.

The governor intimated to callers that he knew a great deal that had not come out at the trial. What these things were he did not state. The defense was powerless to cope with such unseen forces. The governor had consulted with John Vahey, who defended Vanzetti at the first trial and who later shared a law office with District-Attorney Katzmann. Only the governor and his advisers and Vahey know what Vanzetti's former lawyer said. Whatever it was, it helped to make up the governor's mind against the men, for he referred to the Vahey visit significantly several times. There were others with whom the governor consulted. He kept his own counsel and so did his associates, Herman MacDonald, his secretary, and Joseph Wiggin, his lawyer in business matters.

President Lowell refused to give out the minutes of his inquiry. His published reason was that he wished to protect the witnesses. These were willing to have what they said published and the committee saw but a few hostile witnesses, satisfying themselves in the main with an examination of the documents in the case. However, the real reason for withholding the contents of the Lowell inquiry, as stated under Mr. Lowell's signature, was that he feared publication would result in one-sided treatment by the press. Up to the hour of preparing this article President Lowell has refused to discuss the case. His maxim, "I never give interviews," is well known in Boston newspaper offices.

Those who read the Lowell report assumed that everything damaging to Sacco and Vanzetti was contained in the document. But persons close to the governor whispered that the Lowell Committee had additional material which it had not made public.

To a newspaperman arriving in Boston three weeks before the execution the city was a vast whispering gallery. On the streets, in restaurants and newspaper offices there was but one topic of conversation, the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

That the extraordinary police arrangements made the populace panicky was apparent to observers. The entire police force was mobilized on August 10 and August 22. Public buildings were guarded. The State Police and the Metropolitan Park Police augmented the municipal forces. Police stations were veritable arsenals, packed with machine-guns, tear gas bombs, bullet-proof vests, gas masks, shot-guns and riot guns. Boston was garrisoned and ready to withstand a siege. A squad of machine gunners guarded the main prison gate. Police sentries were posted on the walls. Streets near the prison were blockaded and closed to traffic by machine-guns. Revolving searchlights from the prison tower threw stabbing beams on the army guarding the prison and its approaches. Firemen with high pressure hose commanded the street abutting the death house. Mounted police patrolled the streets and bridges. Harbor police patrolled the river. Prison Point Bridge was guarded by a squad of Cambridge police. Boston police with fixed bayonets and machine-guns and state and railroad police guarded the yard approaches of the Boston and Maine Railroad.

This was the atmosphere of Boston when Sacco and Vanzetti were led to the chamber with the sloping roof for their last minutes of life.

NOW what were the doubts that made possible the extraordinary public discussion of the case in its last three weeks? The principal doubts raised were concerned with the Lowell report. The Fuller decision was sketchy and merely stated a few conclusions without attempting to go into the evidence. The refusal of President Lowell and the governor to sanction publication of the entire proceedings before the Advisory Committee raised grave doubts as to the fairness of the committee's efforts. These doubts were intensified when they declined the official offer to examine the Department of Justice files.

Then again, the insistence by the chief justice of the Superior Court that Judge Thayer hear the eighth and last motion for a new trial gave rise to further doubts. When

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defense counsel begged Judge Thayer to step aside on the ground that it was impossible for a man to pass on his own prejudice and Judge Thayer refused, there were many who felt that the Commonwealth was not "playing cricket." Judge Thayer presided at the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. Subsequently he had heard seven motions for a new trial and three supplementary motions, all of which he had denied. The Supreme Judicial Court, the highest court in the Commonwealth, never passed on the facts in the case, holding that the trial judge was the sole judge of fact who could not be overruled on anything but questions of law. The Supreme Judicial Court held that "it is not imperative that a new trial be granted even though the evidence is newly discovered and if presented to a jury would justify a different verdict." The precedent cited for this decision was a civil suit for damages.

The defense made superhuman efforts to satisfy Governor Fuller at the last minute on questions raised by him. The governor appeared to be much concerned over the alibi of Vanzetti on whose behalf it was alleged that witnesses bought eels of him on December 24, 1919. This tended to clear him of the Bridgewater holdup, of which he had been convicted, also before Judge Thayer. The governor demanded "proof" that Vanzetti sold eels that day. The defense lawyers investigated nearly every wholesale fish concern on Atlantic Avenue, Boston, and by rare luck found an American Railway Express receipt showing the shipment of eels to Vanzetti. They rushed the slip to the governor who made no comment on it. The only thing the defense heard, whether true or not they were unable to say, was that "the governor knows Vanzetti never got the eels." This incident threw doubt on the governor's fairness and sincerity. It may be noted in passing that seven of Vanzetti's alibi witnesses called on the governor after the eel receipt had evoked no response from him and demanded that he prosecute them as perjurers.

PUBLICATION of the Lowell report was followed by a careful analysis which raised a host of doubts. The principal ones concerned the alleged Sacco cap, the fatal bullet, Captain Proctor's testimony, the prejudice of Judge Thayer, the alleged prejudicial cross examination of Sacco, the Berardelli pistol, Sacco's alibi and the testimony of identification witnesses.

The alleged Sacco cap was picked up near the body of Berardelli. There were holes in the lining. The commonwealth, through Sacco's employer Kelly, brought out that Sacco hung his cap on a nail. The employer did not identify it as belonging to Sacco. The district attorney claimed the holes were made by the nail. There is nothing in the testimony to show that the cap fitted Sacco. There is testimony to show it did not fit him.

Jeremiah F. Gallivan, chief of police of South Braintree, told the Lowell Committee for the first time that the holes in the cap's lining had been made by him in an effort to find a name under the lining and that he then gave the cap to those investigating the case. The Lowell Committee believed Gallivan, saying however, "but the rent in the lining of the cap is so trifling a matter that it seems to the committee by no means a ground for a new trial." The prosecution had placed its reliance on identifying the cap as Sacco's on the rent supposedly made by the nail. Gallivan refuted this when he said he made the tear, but despite this the Lowell Committee retained the cap as an instrument of identification against Sacco. Judge Thayer, in denying motion for a new trial last October, held the cap and the rent in it to be vital as connecting Sacco with the South Braintree crime. He said the cap contained "some of the most important evidence." Nothing in the Lowell report reveals why the committee believed the cap was Sacco's.

AS to the fatal bullet, the Lowell Committee held that "the fatal bullet found in Berardelli's body was of a type no longer manufactured" and alleged that "the same obsolete type of cartridge was found in Sacco's pocket at the time of his arrest." This conclusion was apparently based on the fact that fifteen months after the crime an expert for the defense made experiments with certain bullets and when asked why he did not use bullets like the fatal Berardelli bullet, replied that he was unable to find such bullets. He did not say they were obsolete. At the trial no proof was offered to show an identity between the shells found on Sacco and the fatal bullet. There is nothing in the record to show a close relation in age between the bullets found on Sacco and the mortal bullet. In his charge, Judge Thayer made no statement concerning an identic obsoleteness of the mortal bullet with those found on Sacco. In his two important summaries of the case (the opinion on the Gould affidavit and the 25,000-word opinion on the Madeiros motion) Judge Thayer made no such reference. Neither is anything about obsolete bullets found in the briefs of the commonwealth. No witnesses before the Lowell Committee in the presence of defense attorneys referred to obsolete bullets. The attention of the defense lawyers was never drawn by the committee to obsolete bullets.

At the trial, Captain Proctor, former head of the Massachusetts State Police, testifying for the state, had said that the mortal bullet found in Berardelli's body was "consistent with being fired by that pistol," meaning Sacco's pistol. In his charge to the jury Judge Thayer stated that the commonwealth claimed that the fatal bullet was fired from Sacco's pistol. Thomas McAnarney, former defense attorney, told the Lowell Committee that he too understood Proctor's testimony in the sense in which it was understood by the Judge.

Now Proctor, in an affidavit used as basis for a motion for a new trial, declared that his statement that the fatal bullet was "consistent with being fired by that pistol," was the result of collusion between himself and District Attorney Frederick Katzmann. Proctor said that his real opinion was that the fatal bullet had not been fired from the Sacco pistol, and that he had repeatedly told the district attorney he would have to say so if that question were asked. That question was, therefore, never directly asked. He was merely asked his opinion. The Lowell Committee said ". . . . it must be assumed that the jury understood the meaning of plain English words; that if Captain Proctor was of the opinion that the bullet had been fired through Sacco's pistol, he would have said so, instead of using language which meant that it might have been fired through that pistol."

DESPITE the statements of Judge Thayer, Mr. McAnarney and Captain Proctor and two witnesses who heard Proctor say the fatal bullet had not been fired from Sacco's pistol, the Lowell Committee assumed that the jury "understood the meaning of plain English words." The Lowell

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report made no reference to the statement of defense counsel who had begged Judge Thayer to put Proctor on the stand in support of the motion for a new trial based on the Proctor affidavit.

As to the prejudice of Judge Thayer, the Lowell Committee concluded that the judge tried to be scrupulously fair at the trial but was "indiscreet in conversation with outsiders during the trial. He ought not to have talked about the case off the bench and doing so was a grave breach of judicial decorum." The committee dismissed Judge Thayer's "indiscretions" by saying they "did not affect" his "conduct at the trial." The committee did not consider the effect of the judge's "indiscretions" and his "grave breach of judicial decorum" on his decision on important motions for a new trial. These motions were made after Judge Thayer is alleged, according to the affidavits of reputable men and women, to have manifested his hostility to Sacco and Vanzetti. For such manifestations of prejudice a juror would have been summarily excused and a mistrial ordered. Judge Thayer sat virtually as judge and jury at the hearings on motions for a new trial.

As to the alleged prejudicial cross-examination of Sacco, the Lowell Committee admitted that the cross-examination of Sacco by District Attorney Katzmann "seems at first unnecessarily harsh and designed rather to prejudice the jury against him than for the legitimate purpose of testing the sincerity of his social and political views." Mr. Katzmann told the Lowell Committee: "it was a fact perfectly well known that these men were radicals. From the newspapers I knew that very well."

AS to the Berardelli pistol, the Lowell Committee assumed that the pistol carried by Vanzetti had been the property of Berardelli, that Vanzetti had shot Berardelli, had stolen the pistol from the mortally wounded man, and then had carried it with him for nearly three weeks while he went about his daily tasks, making no endeavor to get rid of the incriminating evidence. The trial record shows that Berardelli's pistol had been sent to the Iver Johnson Company for repairs and there was nothing to show whether it had been returned to him or not. Lincoln Wadsworth, of the Iver Johnson Company, a state witness, told the Lowell Committee that there were "thousands of times more chances" that the Vanzetti pistol was not Berardelli's than that it was. Vanzetti's revolver was traced back through four owners and the defense stressed that it could thus not have been the property of Berardelli.

As to Sacco's alibi, the Lowell Committee did not believe that Sacco was in Boston on April 15, 1920, the day of the South Braintree murder, arranging for a passport to Italy. Professor Guadagni and Mr. Bosco, editor of La Notizia, swore before the committee that they talked to Sacco on April 15, in Boston, recalling that it was the day on which some Italians gave a dinner to James Williams of the Boston Transcript. President Lowell regarded this alibi testimony as of great importance. He made extraordinary efforts to break down the statements of Guadagni and Bosco, asserting that he had looked up the files of the Boston Transcript and had found that the dinner took place on May 13. So important was this alibi testimony considered that the transcript on this one point makes thirty-two pages. William G. Thompson, defense attorney, was shocked at the persistence of the witnesses in placing Sacco in Boston on the day of the murder and insisting that the dinner was held on April 15, in the face of apparent proof to the contrary. The committee had been in touch with Mr. Williams and he had given the date of the dinner as of May 13.

When Guadagni and Bosco left they were completely discredited. The next day they returned bearing with them the files of La Notizia. It turned out that there were two dinners to Mr. Williams, one on April 15 and the second on May 13. President Lowell apologized to Guadagni and Bosco and asked them not to speak of the incident or to make mention of it in the newspaper La Notizia. *The record of the Lowell Committee does not give the Guadagni and Bosco refutation of President Lowell. It states that at a certain point the committee and the witnesses examined the files of a newspaper.*

THE Lowell Committee placed great stress on statements of eye-witnesses. Judge Thayer held that the verdicts did not rest upon the testimony of eye-witnesses. The committee upheld Judge Thayer in refusing a new trial on the basis of the affidavit of Gould who stood so close to the fleeing bandits that a bullet passed through his coat. Gould was examined by the prosecution and said Sacco and Vanzetti were not the bandits. This statement was kept from the defense which did not locate Gould for some time. The Lowell Committee, admitting that Gould "certainly had an unusually good position to observe the men in the car," said that Gould had no opportunity to see Sacco and Vanzetti after their capture and to say whether they were the bandits. Gould, in his affidavit, said he went to Dedham jail on November 10, 1921, and observed Sacco for ten minutes and then told Sacco's lawyer he was positive Sacco was not one of the hold-up men. The Lowell Committee's conclusion was that "there seems to be no reason to think that the statement of Gould would have had any effect in changing the mind of the jury."

The committee believed Mrs. Tattoni, formerly Lottie Packard, who identified Sacco. They said, "The woman is eccentric, not unimpeachable in conduct; but the committee believes that in this case her testimony is well worth consideration." Elias Field, a reputable lawyer who overheard Captain Proctor say the fatal bullet did not come from Sacco's pistol, according to the committee "merely overheard" the conversation. District Attorney Ranney said that whatever Field might say could be taken as absolutely reliable. No reliance was placed on Field's statement by the Lowell Committee.

The Lowell Committee said that the South Braintree crime did not "seem to bear the marks of professionals, but of men inexpert in such crimes." This was the first statement that amateurs might have committed the crime and was contrary to all police and Department of Justice reports. The Boston agents of the Department of Justice, according to an affidavit of one of them, were of the opinion that the crime was committed "by a gang of professional highwaymen."

GOVERNOR FULLER confined his decision to a general account of his inquiry and the conclusions he derived from it. He made no specific answer to the many doubts that still existed on important controversial points. He made no explanations of the baffling doubts that harassed lawyers and others who became interested in the case. The governor (*Continued on page* 55)

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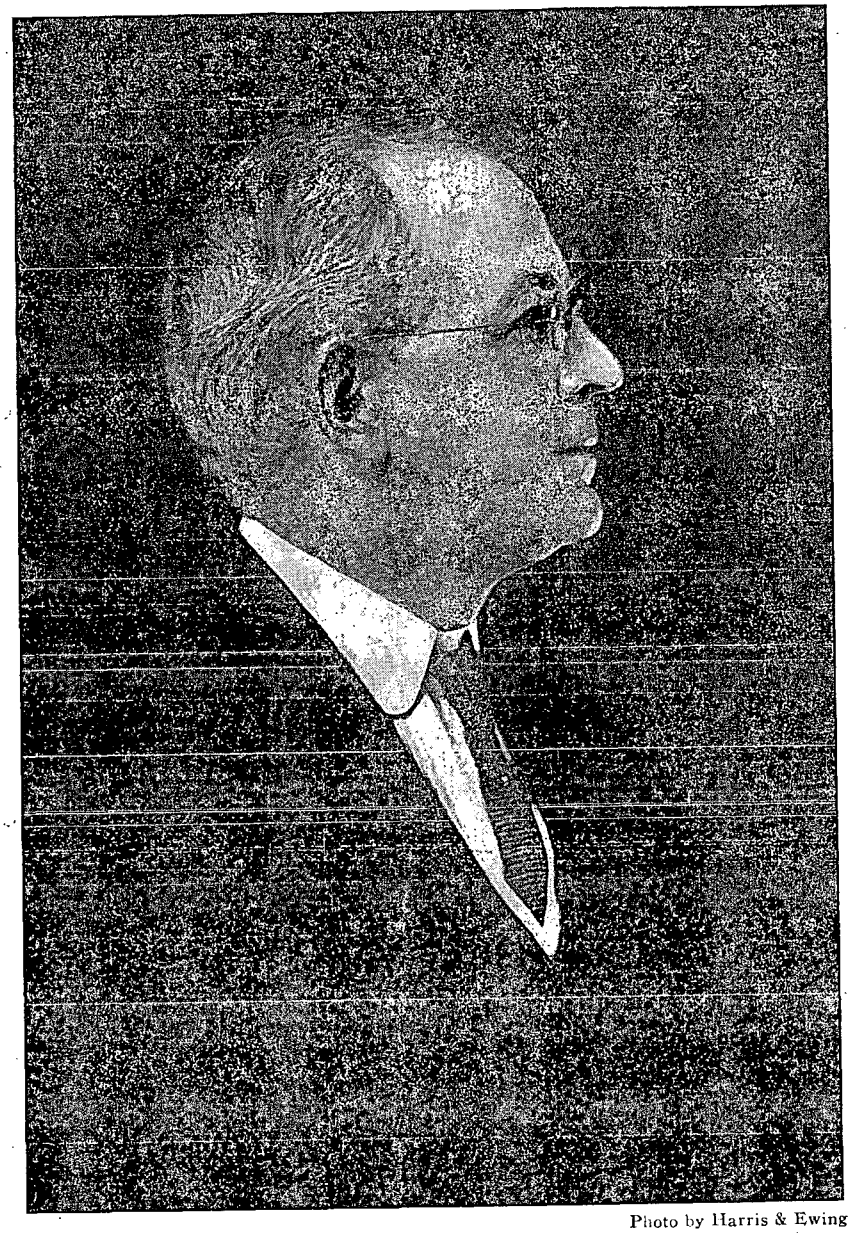

Photo by Harris & Ewing

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Secretary of Survey Associates and associate editor in charge of foreign affairs. His monthly department, Through Neighbors' Doorways, appears for the first time on the following page. Here Mr. Gavit follows a philosophical bent in laying down a point of view and general background for later and more concrete discussion. Of this plan he writes: "What I want to do is to emphasize the nearness, the neighborhood idea, in all its implications. The title will serve as well for an article about the Negro or the Syrian in America, or an interview with Benes, Hsuan Chu or Lord Cecil as for one about the bobbing of girls' hair in Szechuan or Mosul. The idea underlying the whole business is, and will be (for it is my whole box of tricks) the struggle of races and individuals toward self-expression and self-control on the way to Unity."

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Through Neighbors' Doorways

A Department Devoted to Affairs Commonly Called "Foreign"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE neighbors are always queer. The farther away they live, the queerer they are. Queer in choice of birthplace, of family to be born into; of customs, clothing, speech, ways of doing things and looking at things. Especially queer, even repulsive, if the choices include a different color of skin-pigment. Stewart Edward White once asked his African gun-bearer if he really believed it better to be black than white.

"Indeed, yes, sahib," replied the black man. "Besides, the white man is not white—he is a kind of sickly *pink*."

The presiding officer at a meeting of Negroes in Washington some years ago, commenting upon the speech just delivered by a white speaker, said:

"Our good friend who has spoken to us has a white skin; but you can see that he has *a black heart!*"

So it goes. Every race believes itself superior, the elect of the Almighty, and looks with more or less hostile disdain upon every other. And the belief, which is a matter of emotion rather than of intellect, of feeling rather than of thinking (for in our heart of hearts we know that it is not true), goes down and down, in and in, through sub-race, nationality and clan, neighborhood and family, to the individual self. On the side there are collateral divisions, of class and group, fraternity, sect, political party, profession, clique and mere specialties of congeniality, taste and propinquity. Even within the self there are dominations, rebellions, incompatibilities. The mere physical lusts resent the interference of the brain—assuming that it is the brain that thinks—and the moral sense; the eye and the ear regard themselves as aristocracy compared with the organs of taste and smell. The head, despite the scriptural warning, does regard itself as of superior stuff in comparison with the foot. . . . All forgetting that in the last analysis they were made out of identical material. The cell that became the brain might just as well have become the stomach or the skin of the left ear. Or *vice versa*.

No matter how much we may pass down the way with our nose in the air, the smell from any neighbor's pig-sty warns us that we cannot be immune from any world-nuisance any more. The next war —we shall be in it up to our necks.

It goes back at last to the very stuff of which the universe and all things therein are made. The beginning of consciousness, I dare assert, is a joining-up of the two units of the hydrogen atom, substantially identical to all appearance; but each is itself and not the other. Time and space and circumstance, duration and movement, fundamental relationship, the whole inconceivable intricacy of mundane existence as we know it, begin right there, in the creation of an entity which is both a composite and a unity, a being self-existent and self-contained with a self regarding that which is not itself—the rest-of-things. Imbedded, inherent in it, is the impulse to remain itself at whatever cost to that rest-of-things. So it goes on, up the scale of complexity, increasing in sense of selfness, and in the complication of needs and responses. In the infinitesimal life disclosed by the microscope we see the interplay of this impulse as the relatively simple units of life look out upon each other and upon environment generally. You can all but hear each individual, each more or less unified aggregation of still lesser units, saying to himself:

"What is this thing coming at me? What will he do to me? Shall I run away from him, or fight him? Perhaps he is good to eat!"

This is the primitive instinct of self-preservation, not so absurdly called "the first law of nature." It survives throughout, clear up the scale, to individual man everywhere, to his class and other groups, to nations. It underlies the thought with which we say "foreigner," "alien." The essential characteristic emotionally is suspicion based upon fear. The measure of civilization, in the finest sense of that word, is the measure of modification of that fear, of discovery that the safety and self-preserving efficiency of relationship are best conserved by acquaintance and mutual service, cooperation in the enterprises of the common good. Since no two individuals can by any conceivable means become identical, each must have some contribution of his own to make to that common good. Intelligence is appreciative understanding of environment, including *right* relationships with the Other Fellow; education is the development of the means to that understanding. Culture, in any worthwhile sense of the word, may be measured by the degree in which the individual or the group, wherever and however located or classified, understands relationships, is actuated by the spirit of unity and cooperation, and really desires and endeavors to minimize the causes of misunderstanding and conflict and to train and utilize rather than to destroy the impulses of self-preservation and self-expression. All the groupings, into families, communities, parties, sects, nations, are justifiable and persistent only as they are means to the end of the greatest possible unity of the spirit. I suspect that this is about as far as we can go toward comprehending the Cosmic Purpose.

THIS represents the point of view from which this particular writer sees the interplay of affairs and individualities, of nations and races in the vast—and yet after all comprehensible—interweaving of what is commonly called "foreign affairs." And inter-racial problems as they exist anywhere in the world. Against this as a general background must be viewed the comment and interpreta-

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tion of concrete happenings which will appear from time to time in this department.

It will be unintelligible to anyone who talks or thinks in terms of any "established order of things" in the sense of finality, of some "faith once delivered to the saints"—especially in matters political—whether in this very young and experimenting country or any other. It will be unintelligible, and probably exasperating, likewise to anyone who regards his own or any other race as somehow inherently superior, or inferior, to any other. Always there will be underlying the presupposition that all the races and nations, fundamentally equal in potentialities, are in the flux and ferment of a Process; in various stages, to be sure, as the result of their historic development and interplay. No man can with certainty assess the value or permanence of the institutions of his own time, of his own country or any other. Yesterday's distinguished successes are seen today to have been failures; tomorrow's scrap-pile may contain what today we regard as finished results. We are the raw material of history, just as in their day were what we are pleased to call the "ancient" Romans, or the Egyptians of the day of the Emperor Menes. None of them ever thought of himself as "ancient;" they regarded themselves as modern, and of us in their inconceivably remote future they thought never at all. The very places where now we live, for them had no existence.

All the groupings, into families, communities, parties, sects, nations, are justifiable and persistent only as they are means to the end of the greatest possible unity of the spirit.

THE great thing that is going on now in the world, although we are only in the beginnings of it, is the discovery of Neighborhood, and the abolishment of distance. The automobile has extended twenty-fold the reach of a one-day's journey; folk who fifty years ago never would have met, now are practically near neighbors. The radio not only carries voices across the oceans—it is making a common language a world-necessity. In the schools of China and Japan the children are learning English as a matter of course. News and information that used to require months in transit flashes round the world with the speed of light.

No need to labor the point. While people of religious mind talk about unifying the world, science is doing it under their noses. The great Conference on Faith and Order, recently held at Lausanne on Lake Geneva in Switzerland under the Presidency of Bishop Charles H. Brent, in which participated some 500 delegates representing virtually every Christian denomination except the Roman Catholic, to some extent clarified their differences, but made little substantial progress toward unity. Yet in the meanwhile the apparatus for the exchange of the substance of thought, not only about religion but about every other subject, goes on perfecting. And real exchange of thought is the very woof of peace.

We must abandon the vicious habit of thinking and speaking as if a nation were something other than its people; an entity that can be considered apart from the human beings grouped under its name.

MEN with the military habit of mind do not understand this. They talk and think in terms of force, physical force, hardly imagining a world governed by ideas and free agreements. They seem never to realize that what force accomplishes has always in the long run to be undone or at any rate outlived; that at the last of it, after the war has filled the world with rage and ruin, the parties to it must sit down and talk it over as they might better have done at first; that virtually everything "settled" in that talk which is the result of force alone, sooner or later undoes itself, one way or another. The Treaty of Versailles, child of force, already is a sadly shattered affair. The guns do not settle anything definitively; but they do run up a debit that has to be paid—usually by innocent generations far distant and long afterward. Scores of thousands of America's finest young men helped to pay for the abuse of force by the Hapsburgs in Austria-Hungary long ago; indeed, for centuries of such abuse before there were Hapsburgs . . . . young men who, like the majority of other Americans, knew little or nothing of Austria-Hungary and its bloody history, and certainly did not know the difference between a Magyar and a Croat, or whether Sarajevo was a place or a kind of cheese.

HERE lay the essential trouble with the Naval Disarmament Conference of the United States, Great Britain and Japan (with France on the outside, standing pat and looking in), convened last summer at Geneva at the suggestion of President Coolidge. Its personnel consisted largely of men who think habitually in terms of force and fighting. Even in our own delegation there was no determined will to put away the guns and resort to the interchange of thought. Over the proceedings hovered always the old primitive fear of "the foreigner"—he who by definition must be of baser sort than ourselves. Not any particular foreigner or nation of foreigners; but a perennially supposititious "enemy" who is likely to turn up at any moment on overnight notice or no notice at all and find us with fewer guns and ships to carry them than somebody else. And in the background was everybody's cache of treasure grabbed in times past. Even we had our Philippines on the other side of the world; Great Britain her heritage of force-won business outposts in the East, her colonies and dependencies, her tenuous hold upon Egypt, and the slender thread of the Suez Canal, indispensable to her going and coming. Before the conference was held, its relative futility was a foregone conclusion. Not in any such atmosphere or with any such preoccupations can there exist that moral disarmament which will make the actual a work of supererogation.

VISCOUNT CECIL'S resignation as a member of the British Cabinet, late in August, vividly exhibits this dissonance. A man who regards general reduction and limitation of armaments as "essential to the peace of the world," as "of greater value than any other political object," and as a measure upon which "the chief energies of the government ought to be concentrated," in the nature of things could not permanently carry out

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the instructions, or harmoniously express the spirit of an essentially Tory group instinctively wedded to the idea that force is the last resort of international relationship. His letter of resignation to Premier Baldwin showed how deeply he resented, despite his discreetly loyal silence at the time, Great Britain's rejection of the proposed treaty of mutual assistance, the protocol for the settlement of international disputes, and the declaration against compulsory arbitration. The breakdown of the Three-Power disarmament conference, owing largely to the British insistence upon large cruiser strength, was simply the last straw. It is not a matter of words; the disharmony goes to the essence of moral attitudes.

Men with the military habit of mind talk and think in terms of force, physical force, hardly imagining a world governed by ideas and free agreements.

IT IS the presence increasingly of the other kind of atmosphere that makes the League of Nations so tremendous a phenomenon in a force-ruled world. It was that which for three successive winters enticed me to Geneva, to see the unbelievable happening before my eyes. It was something to mark a lifetime, to behold for example *seventeen* foreign ministers of as many countries coming together amid the crowd of delegates to the League Assembly—not to quarrel over and redistribute the territorial spoils of war, as at the Congress of Vienna, but to discuss matters of common concern and common enterprise for the welfare of the world. To see, coming together four times a year or oftener, as a matter of course, the foreign ministers of Great Britain, Germany, France, with amply commissioned plenipotentiaries of Italy and Japan—not to mention those of eight other and less potent nations—to sit face-to-face about a table, talking over and mostly coming to unanimous agreements about the very kind of things that used to occasion wars. Any one of a dozen times one saw quick settlement of such controversies in that man-to-man procedure which has so largely displaced the old-time whispering and long-distance interchange of provocative gossip and "fighting-words."

The marvel of these days so soon after the World War and the destruction of the old diplomatic technique is not that there is so little of the new thing of "open covenants, openly arrived at," *but that there is so much.* The secret treaties are gone, let us hope forever. Something like a thousand international treaties are registered with the secretariat of the League of Nations, as a prerequisite to validity, and every one of them is a public record, as accessible as the list of dog-licenses in a town clerk's office. Yet these are the same nations, represented (with some distinguished exceptions) by pretty much the same kind of human beings, as those which functioned at the Congress of Vienna and made that tyrannical aggregation a stench in the nostrils of high heaven. The game of conducting the affairs of the world with self-interest as the dominating motive is the same game; but the rules have changed notably, and will change still more. Much more than of old are the cards in sight. And there is a world public opinion looking on, before which the short-card sharps of the old diplomacy are terrified. The executive committee of the organized Neighborhood meets in public now, and the rank-and-file of the neighbors are getting the habit of watching what goes on. It is a great gain, even though the millenium of unselfish international brotherhood is still some distance below the horizon.

The great thing that is going on now in the world, although we are only in the beginnings of it, is the discovery of Neighborhood, and the abolition of distance.

THE world-neighborhood is becoming self-conscious. No matter how much the United States may imagine that it desires isolation, it cannot be had. Distance is abolished, barriers of all kinds are breaking down. No matter how much we may pass down the way with our nose in the air, the smell from any neighbor's pig-sty warns us that we cannot be immune from any world-nuisance any more. The next war—we shall be in it up to our necks: the others will see to that!

Meanwhile the largest part of the world—55 nations—has organized itself for its own betterment. With amazing rapidity it is coming to believe, not so much that there is a better way to settle controversies than war—everybody knew that before—as that it is actually possible, practicable, to effectuate that better way. They are finding by experience that it pays all concerned to do the talking-over beforehand, rather than in a tragic afterward.

War-weary Europe has taken from us the peace initiative which was peculiarly our own. In the Assembly of the League, which is in session as these pages go to press, Germany has declared unequivocally her acceptance of the principle of compulsory arbitration; Briand, spokesman for the real France, calls upon the press of the world to conspire for peace. But the big thing that has happened and is happening is that war has lost its glory, and stands before the eyes of men naked and disreputable, the ghastly absurdity that it always was.

What we need now is widespread understanding of each other, such as we never have had before. We must learn to see, in each group of the neighbors in this world of diminishing distance, men and women and children like ourselves, who in their individual capacities desire only to live their lives and fulfill their individual destinies. We must abandon the vicious habit of thinking and speaking as if a nation were something other than its people; an entity that can be considered apart from the human beings grouped under its name. We must look through the neighbors' doorways and get acquainted with their life, more or less regardless of the performances of the politicians. These neighbors are queer, to be sure. Neighbors always are queer. But we are just as queer to them as they are to us. We must think of these "foreigners" in terms of ourselves, and at the same time do what we can to help them to see us with similar understanding.

To contribute somewhat to that mutual understanding will be during the coming months the principal purpose of this department.

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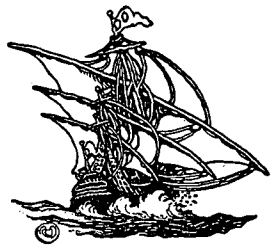

EDITORIALS

IT is entirely natural that those seeking extenuation for the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti should so often recur to the fact that the case dragged on for seven years and assume that Massachusetts must therefore have stretched patience to the limit and beyond in giving them the opportunity to clear themselves. There is no durable comfort in such an assumption. It is like presupposing that a cellar must needs be at the top of the house because the stairs that lead to it are so long and so steep. The test is whether they lead up or down.

The frantic efforts in the final twelve-day respite granted the two men, put forward in one court after another, before one judge after another, on one ground after another, tended to strengthen the assumption referred to. This should not, however, blind us to the central fact. These tribunals were not passing at the eleventh hour on the evidence in the case or on the guilt of the prisoners, but for the most part on technical points of jurisdiction. The central fact to be borne in mind is not technical. It is simply that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, by its procedure and its mind-set, had for five years and more obstructed the efforts of the defense to secure a new trial before a judge other than one whose prejudice shouted to heaven. That that judge alone had passed on new evidence not available at the first trial before him; that he had repeatedly denied such relief; that the state supreme court had gone no further than to hold that his findings were possible ones within his discretion, and that he had capped the record early in August by passing on his own prejudice—these things only etch more deeply this central fact. That under the procedures of England and Canada, of New York and other American states, the higher courts would almost automatically have powers of review and relief for such a dead-end course of justice in capital cases where life is at stake, no less than in civil cases where property is at stake, only gives that fact a grimmer and more disturbing background.

SUCH considerations were among those which prompted a group of Massachusetts citizens last spring to appeal to Governor Fuller to appoint a lay commission to advise him in the case; that no doubt prompted him to enter upon his personal investigation. These moves unquestionably had the effect of allaying prickings of the public conscience. It was felt that the issues would come before not a local jury beset by war-time hysteria, but before men of exceptional ability, untrammeled by legal technicalities. This anticipation was all the more fortified when early in August apparently inspired statements emanated from the State House at Boston, indicating that the governor would move to grant a "further reprieve pending steps by the Massachusetts legislature looking to a new trial" (New York Times, August 3, see the Nation of August 24). Came in quick succession Governor Fuller's sweeping pronouncement of guilt; the report of his commissioners unanimously to the same effect; and half an hour before the execution was staged to come off, that last twelve-day stay lest the men be dead with final appeals pending before the supreme bench of the state. Had governor and commission recommended the course ascribed to him, whatever their own conclusions as to guilt, it would have opened the way to the new trial in open court so long pleaded for and so long denied. Had the governor and commission presented findings which carried general conviction, pro or con, the unconventional recourse to a lay commission might have afforded a satisfactory substitute to such a fresh trial. Their findings, however, achieved neither of these ends. They neither settled the case in the lay court of public opinion nor opened the way for a clarifying settlement at law.

The disservice of such a course to our scheme of justice is matched by its compromising of university research. While one member of the governor's commission had been a minor judge, two were heads of educational institutions of the first rank. For fifty years, under the spur of the scientific spirit, our colleges have been building up a body of standards in the discovery of truth. President Lowell of Harvard and President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were in a sense stewards of these newer resources of intelligence, matching the older tradition of the courts as an agency for sifting fact from falsehood and assertion. They could have drawn to their assistance authorities in constitutional law and the administration of justice who would have laid bare the limitations of Massachusetts procedure; economists who knew the industrial background of the issues embedded in the case; sociologists, its social matrix; psychiatrists who could have appraised its tangled human web; experts in evidence; men skilled in investigation. There is no indication in the report that they had recourse to any of these reserves of technique or experience. Rather they reverted to the narrowest of legal conceptions; fell short of that, applied it upside down.

Their critics range from those who, with moderation, urged that although animated by the most sincere motives and working in the finest spirit of impartiality, they nevertheless did not apply all the tests which the law provides for the safeguarding of human life, to those who challenge their bias, expose their mistreatment of witnesses and charge that they so far reversed the genius of our system of justice that they put the defense in the position of proving innocence, and this against assertions made by witnesses

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whom they were not permitted to hear nor to question. Their report, as a fabrication of evidence, had not run public scrutiny for a week before it was punctured at crucial points, its conclusions riddled by disinterested lawyers of standing in analyses published by the Springfield Republican and the New York press when the Boston newspapers went dead. President Lowell failed to reply to the specifications addressed to him in an open letter by the editors of the New Republic. Governor Fuller, in response to the protest of a committee of citizens, fell back on the defense that all the facts could not be made public.

HAS such a course exhausted the possibilities of justice under our republican form of government? Are we to accept the dictum of the Boston press that the thing is over and done with? Nothing was settled by the execution except that two men are dead whose guilt, and even more, the fairness of whose treatment are the subject of grave doubts here and abroad. Such doubts must be lanced else they fester. Clearly there is a responsibility on the part of those who cherish American institutions, to whom the right to life, the even-handedness of justice, the roundness and fullness of truth are more than words, to see to it, however the outcome falls, that this deeply human case shall yet be probed to the bottom.

The entire legal record should be published and made available to every law library. The case in all its ramifications affords materials for shafts of research by the lawyer, the historian, the psychologist, the journalists who would understand the workings of our modern civilization under stress. Especially do we need clear expositions from such men as Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard whose earlier volume on the case presents a synthesis of evidence unreconcilable with that of the commission which ignored it; from William G. Thompson, the conservative Boston lawyer who came into the case after the first trial, which shocked his sense of justice, defended the men for four years at personal sacrifice and sought that new trial which to him was to be not merely their new day in court but a chance to reinstate that conception of New England justice he revered; from some champion of the prosecution's case who will put before us from that angle a clearer exposition than the commission's superficial outgiving. There is every reason to go forward with a Congressional inquiry not only into the files of the United States Department of Justice but into its operations under the Palmer regime, which the commission ignored and which Francis Fisher Kane, former United States district attorney for Eastern Pennsylvania, laid before Governor Fuller for a last time on the fateful August 22. What of the testimony the governor says the public does not know; of the Pinkerton records the defense points to? There is need for study and overhauling of the criminal procedure of Massachusetts and other states as well, not merely to fend against the law's delays, against prejudiced judges and inadequate procedure of appeal, but against the distortions of social pressure.

Such explorations are important but they will necessarily be fragmentary. There is need for a comprehensible and resourceful investigation of every aspect of the case, every matrix of fact. Such an inquiry should be insulated against partizanship. It should have the perspective which the historian twenty years hence would bring to it, but it should be made now. It should draw on the most skilled and tempered techniques of research our science has devised. It would cost much money. But its significance would outrange that of most of the inquiries sustained by universities, foundations, private gift or popular subscription. Is there no base in American life which has the courage, the means, the social vision to project such an appraisal, render such a service to our times? Such an inquiry would reach to the foundations of our scheme of government, our safeguards for life, our buttresses of justice, our integrity in meeting the deep issues confronting democracy amid the tensions of an industrial epoch. It would be a major piece of surgery but it would be healing.

If it should lay bare beyond all peradventure the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti, that would be no extenuation for the shortcomings of their trial, the harrowing ineptitudes of the procedure in which they were enmeshed, but at least it would show to all men that our execution block, however lop-sided, however warped by passion and skewed by prejudice, is not stained by the blood of innocent men. If it should lay bare beyond all peradventure that they were not guilty, it will not bring back to life a factory hand and a fish peddler, nor make amends for killing two anarchists for murders they did not commit, but it would at least show that when justice is at stake and feeling high, our democracy of the New World can, however belatedly, face its mistakes and search out the truth.

SOMETHING of the illusion that our Japanese friends must walk on their heads appears in a study of divorce in that country recently submitted to the Department of Sociology of Northwestern University by a Japanese student, Yasu Iwasaki. In the United States, as all newspaper readers have been given to understand, the divorce rate has been rising rapidly through the last half century; and this rise is likely to be laid to the break-down of family traditions, the increasing occupation of women in the professions and industry; the increasing age at marriage; and the lurid lessons of the movies. But in Japan, second only to the United States in its divorce rates and not dissimilar in its economic and social trends, quite the reverse has been true. The ratio has declined from one divorce to 2.7 marriages in 1884-8 to one divorce in 10 marriages in 1924-5. And back of this decline, at least accompanying it and probably causing it, Miss Iwasaki finds precisely the same influences which are charged with producing the opposite effect on American marriage.

Take the films, for example. There are nearly 2,000 movie houses in Japan, and in them some 800 professional interpreters to explain to the audiences the meaning of the strange western customs, which are flashed before their eyes. Probably most of the 7,000 American films exhibited in Japan in 1922 (the most recent year for which complete statistics were available) showed some princess of the picture as the heroine about whom a pleasant world could—and was—made to revolve. How upsetting that sight to the traditions of unconditional submission established for Japanese women in the latter centuries! In industry, Japan

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is probably alone among the nations of the world in showing a larger number of women than men. In the professions alone she has now more than a million, and the proportion of married women in the various groups compares closely with American statistics where it does not exceed them—as in the case of teachers, where married women are in the majority. Education in all its forms has opened the eyes of Japanese women to the possibility of marriage based on love and friendship, which until a few decades ago was considered most indelicate. The industrial development has given women an alternative way of supporting themselves so that they do not have to marry; through the shift toward the cities it has helped to break down the old feudal system in which the young couple lived with the husband's parents while the mother-in-law ruled the roost. It has made it possible to delay marriage without risking the stigma of eternal spinsterhood by the age of twenty—and in Japan, in contradiction to some American analyses, the delay in age has been followed by fewer matrimonial shipwrecks.

In the course of her study, Miss Iwasaki turns up some amusing historical details, such as the code of the eighth century, which named loquacity among the seven causes for which a husband might divorce his wife, or the custom of the eighteenth century when a lady who bobbed her hair intended thereby to make it clear to the world that she was a widow who would never marry. It is possible, Miss Iwasaki concludes, that in time the industrial and social factors which seem to have worked so astonishing a downward change in divorce may come to have the opposite effect as they seem to have had in this country. But at the present time, Japan illustrates brilliantly the futility of some of the favorite generalizations in this always interesting subject.

ELSEWHERE in this issue John Palmer Gavit outlines the common need to look with tolerance and helpful understanding through neighbors' doorways (page 43). No finer personal exemplification of this philosophy can be cited than the long and busy career of Mary McDowell. Miss McDowell entered public service through the friendly portal of Hull House. It may be assumed that the neighbors' doorways had a special interest for the first woman sanitary inspector of streets and alleys. Early in the nineties she founded the University of Chicago Settlement, which she has directed ever since, and for most of the past thirty-three years she has shared with her neighbors the pall of the stockyards smoke and the stench of Bubbly Creek. To see a disagreeable condition which could be remedied was, for Miss McDowell, to seek the remedy, and to her studies in this country and abroad and her untiring interest and energy is to be traced much of Chicago's changed policy in the construction of the great reduction plants now nearing completion. She took a sturdy stand between the lines of industrial conflict, urging the necessity of organized workers to deal with organized capital, never compromising what she believed to be justice in her efforts at conciliation in strikes and lockouts. And finally she never slackened in her friendship for her neighbors of other races. Hence it was that at the close of her best-known job for Chicago, her four years as commissioner of public welfare under Mayor Dever, a group of colored men and women belonging to the Social Service Round Table took the initiative in organizing an "interracial dinner" in her honor. The invitation of the citizens' committee was signed by one hundred and thirty men and women, signifying in their wide roster the equally wide range of Miss McDowell's sympathies. That function to which representatives of public-spirited Chicago came to shake the hand of one of their most generous, valiant and determined public citizens, was as unique as the spirit and the work which occasioned it.

IN real life as well as the movies and the detective stories, European attempts to cope with crime would seem to stand out in sharp contrast to ours in relying upon the efficiency of the police rather than the severity of the law. In a report just submitted to the National Crime Commission, Louis N. Robinson, chairman of the subcommittee on pardons, parole, probation, penal law and institutions, summarizes the result of his personal study of the penal systems of England, Belgium, Germany and Holland, which were facilitated by the aid of the United States Department of Justice. Mr. Robinson found that while there was no let-down in the effort to make punishment swift and sure, there was equally no hue and cry for the long, harsh sentences so often demanded in this country. On the contrary, the tendency in Europe was to make less use of the prisons, substituting fines or parole systems for imprisonment in the interest of society and the prisoner, and permitting the payment of fines by instalment so as to work no discrimination between rich and poor. In Europe, the police and prison staffs are trained, permanent public servants, unaffected by a shift in the political kaleidoscope. European students of penal problems look with equal surprise on our imposing sentences on those criminals who are apprehended and the overwhelming number who escape scot-free. A recent study in two Missouri cities, for example, showed that while information of some 14,000 felonies had been laid before the police, arrests had followed in only 8 per cent of the cases, convictions in 3 per cent! Sober statistics would lead us to suppose that Sherlock Holmes, or even his plodding confrères of Scotland Yard, would have done better.

THE death of Mrs. Gordon Norrie of New York turns the thought of the many people who knew and worked with her in her numerous activities to the abundant richness of her busy life. It is easy for a woman of liberal means, high social standing and great charm to spend her life in a pleasant and absorbing round of social activity. Mrs. Norrie chose rather to devote her time and strength to advancing the common good. Woman suffrage, international peace, prohibition, the rights of small nations, the Progressive Party, the LaFollette campaign, the organization of Progressive Women in New York City—to all of these movements she gave not only of her means but as an

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active leader she gave unsparingly of herself. In a world increasingly skeptical of "causes" and impatient with organized activity, Mrs. Norrie preferred work to disillusioned argument, quietly sure of the value of group thinking and cooperative effort toward human betterment. She was a special friend of Greenwich House, and Mary K. Simkhovitch, in a letter to the New York Times, paid a fellow worker's tribute in words which to all who knew Mrs. Norrie will seem singularly fitting: "She deeply enjoyed all those contacts which brought her face to face with the daily problems of the mass of mankind. She was sympathetic without being personal. Always in her relationships with people of every kind she appealed to intelligence rather than emotion. . . . She took it for granted that the value of money and position is the opportunity for freedom of thought and action they bestow. That these opportunities are often used for personal ambition or indulgence was as abhorrent to her taste as to her sense of honor."

FOR five years the Harmon Foundation has experimented with a unique plan whereby part of the cost of his college education is borne by the student himself. Under this plan students may borrow money on a character security, making a strictly business contract with the Foundation for repayment by instalments after they finish college. The plan is based on the belief that higher education represents capitalization for the individual, through increased earning capacity, and that the expense of a college course should therefore be a personal as well as a social responsibility. Under the Harmon Foundation scheme, 1,723 men and women have financed their college course in whole or in part to a total amount of more than $275,000 during the five years covered by a report just issued. From the disciplinary point of view, the report concludes that the liquidation of these obligations "far from being a handicap to any student's plans . . . is most useful to every student and prepares him to develop with greater rapidity than would be possible without it. . . . When we look back on the ill-formed or totally inarticulated concept of a debt when the student leaves college and his high-minded attitude toward his business obligations when he has repaid his loan . . . we are convinced that no other single college contribution is quite as important in preparing him for success."

The bulletin states that 383 loans have been paid in full and that eleven college groups, made up of 38 young women and 56 young men who borrowed during the first two years of the plan's operation, have completed repayments throughout their entire group membership. Of the total loans made in the five years, delinquency in relation to amount of contract has been less than one per cent and in relation to amount due has averaged less than three per cent.

The Harmon Foundation feels that its experiment in financing a higher education on the same business basis on which a commercial undertaking is put on its feet has proved the soundness of financing a college course through a business relationship. This student loan plan is therefore significant not only in its results in the personal lives of students but in indicating a solution, for both parents and colleges, of the high cost of a college education.

TO find out what John Smith on his hilly New England acres, Hans Koch in the rolling Delaware Valley, Ole Olson on his Minnesota half-section, Emil Myers with his Wisconsin dairy farm and all the vast body of unorganized, overworked, inarticulate American farmers like them are thinking and saying, particularly on the moot question of farm relief, the Federal Council of Churches, through its Research Department, has just made its third annual poll of the agricultural press of the country. The topics covered by the poll include the recent Farm Loan Board shake-up, cooperatives, farm-city relations, rural education, European debts, community life, as well as farm relief.

The report of the poll, just published in the Council's Information Service, points out that on the editorial pages of thirty leading farm journals, "the chief national topic was surplus control, particularly the McNary-Haugen bill. Interest in the McNary-Haugen measure is steadily increasing, and more papers favor it now than a year or two years ago." Opponents of the principle of governmental relief either urge appropriations for scientific research as more important than governmental relief, or dismiss the whole scheme as "dominated by political considerations and interests." Among the advocates of governmental relief to meet the problem of surplus production, it is urged that the McNary-Haugen measure merely extends the protection principle, long accepted for industry, to agriculture. As Farm Life states, with some bitterness, in a "message to government and business leaders," following the President's veto message, "government price-fixing may be indeed an economic folly. But you have been a long time in discovering the fact. Your tariffs have constantly increased the price of manufactured goods; your immigration laws . . . have added to the wages of labor; your commissions and Esch-Cummins laws have provided higher rates for utilities. And then, when agriculture comes along and asks for a living American profit, you suddenly discover that price-fixing is an economic folly from which the country should be spared."

Wallaces' Farmer has a warning for those who enthusiastically urge farm relief. As summarized in this report, it "calls attention to the fact that all agrarian movements in the United States have been short-lived. Farmers seem to be unwilling to see a plan through."

Here is a statement of weakness which is underscored by this summary of the editorial opinion of the agricultural press. These papers are edited *for* farmers, and set forth what the editors believe to be of importance to the farmers at the moment, rather than an expression of the concerns and opinions of an occupational group. In this summary of many periodicals, it is apparent that in the farm journals one looks in vain for the ring of conviction, the laboriously established and sturdily held principles, the conscious loyalty and determination that are characteristic of the labor press, or that used to shine through the bad printing and inexperienced writing of the "official" dailies and weeklies of the Non-Partisan League in its brief days of power. This careful poll of the agricultural press makes startlingly clear the need for organization, for intelligent leadership and genuine self-expression among the farmers themselves.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Lindbergh Writes His Log

"SLIM" LINDBERGH has told his story in We. It is not a very interesting book for as an author Lindbergh is the world's foremost aviator. The biography part tells us little of how this rare person came to be. The plea for commercial flying is impressive only because of the authority of the man. There is little revelation of the gifts that make a flyer. Finally the drama and glory of that trans-Atlantic adventure are squeezed dry in the dull details of a log. We do not even get the personal emotions of Lindbergh in the face of a world doing homage to bravery; his priceless modesty made him turn that part of the record—the welcome in Europe and the triumphal return to the United States—over to another reporter, Fitzhugh Green.

The most flavory part of the book is the tale of the boy's life as a "stunt" man with a barn-storming plane and his career as a mail-flyer. We got a real thrill out of his blunt tale of being lost in a fog, hunting for Chicago, with "five minutes more of gasolene in my tanks." He climbed up to jump with his parachute, but came back to set his controls so that the riderless plane would not spiral into him on the way down. He got his flashlight, and when he jumped kept shooting its beam into the mist "to pick out a landing place" and crossed his legs to lessen the damage if he landed on a fence. The pure nerve of the man is revealed best in the matter-of-fact record of how best to fall a mile through the air into nothingness.

The fact is, ultimate bravery is not articulate or introspective. Lindbergh's inadequacy as an author is proof of his glory as an adventurer. He was driven by a force, the concentrated essence of a new scientific daredeviltry. He had the will-to-fly—that's why he once bought a rickety plane for $500, and took it up, solo, after some eight hours in the air. I doubt whether any aviator can explain himself. The danger these men face is too imminent and fatal for self-consciousness. Much of flying seems to be an intense, but non-dramatic concentration on a few factors—the beat of your engine, how much gas is left, the temperature, wind-drift, visibility, and air conditions. You act, and act again, by trained reflexes plus a divine instinct. If you act right, nothing happens; if you act wrong, somebody else delivers the eulogy. You have no gallery to play to, no time for lyric emotions. Then ever so often you have a few seconds of ultimate barren peril—your wits and soul against the universe. That, I imagine, is the incommunicable "kick" of flying.

Painting by N. C. Wyeth, being the fourth in a series of posters for the book promotion campaign of the National Association of Book Publishers

This book was bound to be an anti-climax. It talks about what the world admired for its stern quality of action. We are mazed and weary with words and publicity. Lindbergh's act just existed like sunshine or mother love. There was no explanation, and no education required to grasp its elemental simplicity. Man alone against Nature with Death perched on one wing—the situation of all of us. But aviators probably do not worry about Death. The urge that drove Lindbergh across the Atlantic, alone, was strong enough to drive him right on through Death and beyond He had out-faced death when he climbed into the pilot's seat. Keeping a *rendez-vous* with Death as a daily business leaves that gentleman little to threaten you with. You live or you die, and that excellent riddance of worry about half-measures and compromise rather frees the soul. Aviators express life in a medium other than words—in will.

But a great book can be written around Lindbergh. I can think of some fine chapters: What introverted neurasthenia dogs the modern world that it found such relief in this bare act? What are Colonel Lindbergh's views on religion, death, immortality? What did Mrs. Lindbergh think of the hullaballoo and military strutting over this son of her husband who only ten years ago was damned as a pacifist? Was her aloof reticence a silent commentary? Was not Ambassador Myron Herrick (who writes the Foreword

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ECONOMIC PRIZES

Twenty-fourth year

IN order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, and to aid in constructive economic thinking, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman
Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University
Professor Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University
Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Washington, and
Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, Columbia University

has been enabled, through the generosity of Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1928 prizes for the best studies in the economic field to certain classes of contestants

CLASSES A AND B

Class A includes any residents of the United States or Canada, without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set. Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it. As suggestions, a few questions are here given

1. The effects of Existing Free Trade within the United States
2. The Gold-Exchange Standard
3. Regional Consolidation of Railways in the United States
4. The Validity of the Diffusion Theory of Taxation
5. The Problems Arising from the Depletion of Natural Resources
6. Birth-Control in Relation to Population and the Food Supply

A First Prize of One Thousand Dollars, and
A Second Prize of Five Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class A

A First Prize of Three Hundred Dollars, and
A Second Prize of Two Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class B. No prizes will be awarded if, in the judgment of the committee, essays of sufficient merit are not submitted. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1000 and $500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee

The ownership of the copyright of studies to which the right to print has been awarded will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form

Competitors are advised that, hereafter, the Committee will give preference to essays which do not run beyond 250 to 300 printed pages, and which excel in the higher qualities of economic insight, grasp of principles, power of analysis, and style. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, together with any degrees or distinctions already obtained. No paper is eligible which shall have been printed or published in a form to disclose the identity of the author before the award shall have been made. Contestants are warned that in submitting essays in more than one contest they may disqualify themselves by disclosing their identity. If the competitor is in Class B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers of Class A should be sent on or before June 1, 1928, and those of Class B before July 1, 1928, to

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here) as remarkable in his way—the way of international showmanship, political repercussions and social strategy—as Lindbergh in his of the elements and figures that cannot lie, and his realm of pure will? "Slim" flew alone. Myron mustered all tradition and all society behind him.

The Politics of a Brave Deed would make a ripping chapter. Drop a hero out of the skies into this world of nations, creeds, and party, and see how many noisy waves beat on what far and unexpected shores: International debts, Coolidge prestige, army and navy claques, censorship of the news from the U. S. S. Memphis, Scandinavia asking a place in the sun, Catholic prelates and Catholic mayors on Fifth Avenue, vaudeville promoters crazy in the face of dignity, the Unknown Soldier decked with laurel to get us ready for the next Unknown Soldier. Let some writer fellow with hardly nerve enough to blow out his own candle learn and tell *all* the tale. That would make a great lyric, or a great satire. Meanwhile this youth has already spoken. His book is a mere foot-note from which you can learn of aviation or of aviators only by indirect light.

LEON WHIPPLE

WE, by Charles E. Lindbergh. Putnam's. 318 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.

Some Like Them Hot

NOVELS of ideas, I suppose you'd call them. But then what good novel ever existed without an idea? Yet again the business of novels is not ideas, but emotion, will, acts. Critics might well have a rubber-stamp made, with two sides: "This novel is ruined by its load of ideas," or "These ideas are spoiled by being put into a novel." Some like them hot, and some like them cold. I personally like ideas in a novel, if they are good ideas, and the novel part is well done—as it is always in Mr. Wells. Mr. Wright bored me stiff because his novel sinks to an early grave under the weight of its doctoral thesis that what's the matter with the Church is its multiplicity of wasteful denominations. Oil! makes good reading because Upton Sinclair almost for the first time in his life let his people triumph over his propaganda. It's a long way the best novel he ever wrote, but by so much, the vaguest propaganda. Even as a novel Oil! is not quite sound because the physico-mathematic method of pure Socialism when applied in a fluid thing like a novel produces both characters and situations that dove-tail too neatly. There is none of the sprawling haphazardry of life. Mr. Wells has gotten beyond letting his reason and its formulas spoil his novel. Somehow he gets his ideas said by people in events that seem real, not prearranged in a two-page scenario. All of which might have been said shorter thus: Wells is a good novelist; Wright a poor one; and Sinclair, even over forty, still where the brook and river meet.

That brings in the other book, Floyd Dell's study of Sinclair as a social protestant and interpreter of "modern industrial America as a portent in an old world." Dell believes Sinclair is widely read in Europe because he is describing something new that older civilizations do not know about, but about which they are vastly curious. They read Sinclair in the mood that makes them send commissions to study our production methods. Dell is inadequate on Sinclair's biography, and he underestimates him as a rambunctious pamphleteer tilting against church and school and press, but he does trace the genesis of the man's duality hinted above. Sinclair started out as a poet and got changed into a pictorial sociologist. Even yet he is not quite certain whether he wants to be an artist or a soap-boxer.

The best parts of Oil! are those that paint the modern American scene in California—the oil search (and even large chunks of well-drilling technique), the pursuit of pleasure by the *nouveaux riches* of the moving-picture world, and the blind activity of the younger generation, confronted with wealth, leisure, and a climate that stimulates but does not challenge. There are parts of this novel as good as what Mr. Wells used to do superlatively—scenes from the modern world. The first pages tell how a successful oil-promoter races across California in a high-powered car. It is both real and true. Other parts are real, but not true. Where Sinclair fails to be Wells is in his lack of high irony and sophisticated humor. He is too serious. Incidentally, the charge of indecency laid at Mr. Sinclair's door in Boston has no bottom. There are over many mistresses in the book, and one scene of frank nudity. But they do portray a kind of life, and are no worse and, unhappily, no better than some of the teasers in Robert W. Chambers.

Wright surpasses Sinclair's seriousness of the propagandist with his seriousness of the theological seminar. He was an Ozark mountain-preacher, and still is. His importance is not artistic, but social, for his books sold by the carload and supported a special publisher. His vogue invites attention for it is millions-wide. He has a narrative gift, a kind of popular sentimentality tempered with common sense, and a style that is a mosaic of phrases that people understand from long usage in books. He is clean, simple and naïve. He here combines a slight story of conflict between the generations with pages of harangue against the evils of denominationalism. He stages debates between characters and writes Platonic dialogues. His characters have different faces but the voice is the voice of Wright. He is a ventriloquist whose ideas and accent remain the same whether projected from the dummy of golden-haired Mary or black Sambo. The book is as bitter against the Church as Elmer Gantry, and often more pointed. It will prove useful in that his large clientele must certainly absorb the idea that their literary pastor is disgusted with a function-less sectarianism and the failure of the Church either to preach spiritual salvation or offer social succor. That this is all that is the matter with the Church I cannot agree, nor do I find in his remedy of the united community church an answer that seems to carry very far.

Now Mr. Wells seems civilized. But he is garrulous with age, and world-weary after his Utopia-building, and sometimes I fear content merely to dazzle us with the bright multiplicity of his speculations. He uses the frame and pretense of a novel to give us his table-talk—a brilliant underscoring of the General Strike of 1926, or a hard word for Winston Churchill. His private thesis remains the same: here is a world, even a race, in which and whom are the makings of a lovely, ordered, and amusing life. But from ignorance, lust, and bull-headed folly we keep muddling the whole show. We are neither sanitary nor self-possessed. Tories and Communists, coal-owners and coal-miners are a bunch of blind, dunder-headed, selfish protoplasmic irritations. We must mobilize intelligence and make an organization to get the sensible liberals and the scientists to join hands so they may educate the whole world for being a new kind of world. Mr. Wells's best

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recent gift is this brave declaration that it is a new world. He only forgets that the raw material is essentially what he hates—fear, greed, ignorance. The new generation distrusts Mr. Wells's mechanical designs just because they do not figure in all the stresses.

Meanwhile—and here is the book—we talk in a precious garden just across the Italian border, owned by a British coal-inheritor and cherished by his wife who is about to have her first baby. There is a little love-making, an itinerant philosopher, week-end intriguing, and a note of melodrama in the rescue of a refugee driven by Fascists into the garden. "Meanwhiling" is living that sort of life—and Mr. Wells deserves thanks for pointing out how many of us have taken refuge in the word—"Meanwhile . . ." This is a book of the Wellsian Indian Summer. It sometimes discloses his ancient fault of extending mathematics and reason to absurdity. Yet, sakes alive, how he can make talk dance and queer people come alive under your eyes! They do not all think alike. He transcribes real viewpoints held by identifiable people—and there is much to be learned even from talk. This is not a great book (nor even great Wells) but it is warm, colorful, and provocative by virtue of the author's ineradicable Wellsism—and a lot better than most all the other books you read.

LEON WHIPPLE

MEANWHILE, *by H. G. Wells. Doran. 320 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
OIL! *by Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni. 527 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
UPTON SINCLAIR, *by Floyd Dell. Doran. 194 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN, *by Harold Bell Wright. Appleton. 360 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

No News on the Air

THE night they killed Sacco and Vanzetti in Charlestown Jail, I was in the woods on a mountain-top. Newspapers come belatedly there, but I had a radio. At midnight of August 22 I was too restless and disturbed to think of sleep. The mist lowering round the cabin seemed full of portent and the whisper of passing things. The dumb sad pity that filled me for the men, the warden, the governor, the judges, the labor leaders, all caught in the machine-part of life, needed breaking. I wanted the news—though the news would do no good. Were men marking this day in red on the calendar? Or had courage and grief won through to mercy? I kept running up and down the dials to get in touch with the world, hoping dimly to hear some word from Boston.

But the air was full of jazz. The Florida Theater in Jacksonville was broadcasting vaudeville from the stage. You could hear the rapid-fire of the audience 1,000 miles away, applauding a tinkling lady doing ballads. The Goldman Band was pouring very good Wagner into the air from the Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City. The old world was not missing one beat of gaiety because two anarchists were being loosed into eternity. The radio was performing its nightly miracle, but King Jazz yielded no jot of his time to let the air carry word of what was happening at Boston. Science had created this wonder, but jazz had seized the fruit to distract the people. It is a mere figure to speak of Rome burning while Nero fiddled, yet you recall that toward the end Rome's emperors kept the plebs quiet by giving them circuses.

The point of this personal experience is that we need a better radio news system. There are moments of social tension that demand quicker and more far-reaching relief

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Crowded clotheslines. Festooning areaways. Criss-crossing fire escapes. Laden with clothes, most of them washed by back-breaking, clothes-ruining, peasant methods. The suggestion of easier ways to wash is a step toward intelligent reform. Fels-Naptha supplies an easier way. Fels-Naptha is unusually good soap combined with plenty of naptha. The naptha loosens the dirt. The rich, soapy suds wash it away. Working together, the two cleaners lessen hard rubbing. And Fels-Naptha works perfectly in cool, lukewarm, or hot water! Write Fels & Co., Philadelphia, for a sample bar mentioning the Survey Graphic.

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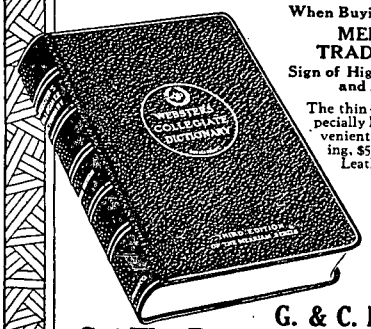

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than newspapers afford. Take the Lindbergh flight. Then millions were tense, hopeful, praying, against only thousands on August 22. There was a difference in news value! But the big stations found time almost every hour to interrupt their programs with bulletins on the progress of that adventuring will toward Paris. They find room to feature our great sporting events—the World Series, championship prize-fights, the Democratic Convention, and the presidential election. They provide daily a small grist of news, time and weather, stock quotations, market prices, police bulletins, the baseball scores . . . *panem et circences.*

Yet there remains untouched the daily pageant of drama and social import. One station might well devote ten minutes at noon, 3, 5, and 7 o'clock, to a radio tabloid of the news, with perhaps half an hour of summary at 10 p. m. It could break programs with "extras" and give running stories. Station WGL is making a beginning by appointing "official reporters" in various parts of New York city and state. From this volunteer "staff" WGL expects to receive news events from eye-witnesses as soon as possible after they happen. The press associations are willing to cooperate for they find radio news stimulates sales. The new labor station to be called WEVD, after Eugene Debs, will we hope undertake the non-partisan broadcasting of socially significant news to cover the world. This does not imply any discrimination or propaganda. We want simply a brief statement of the day's facts, with whatever explanation of terms (such as habeas corpus in the Sacco-Vanzetti defense), geography, or institutions, may help people to understand current events.

If there were a way of financing it, one station might well be devoted to current events, news, and controversy (properly labeled). WEAF has done fine service by broadcasting the luncheon debates of the Foreign Policy Association. Likewise, I think we need to develop other special stations. I want one that all day long offers the best music —organ recitals, chamber music, orchestras. I have long envied the rich who awake to the strains of their private organs. Now all of us can awaken thus—if we could only find some one to get up early enough to play the organ. The arts need their station to give news and views on books, pictures, theaters, movies. Education needs a station. The children might well have part of one, and all the pap they are fed now by commercial enterprises driven off the air. With the better receivers that are sure to come, then one could choose to suit his mood. He would never as now, on Saturday nights, have to listen to saxophones over these United States from Eastport to Tia Juana and nothing else!

The radio is our most human of inventions; it is more awe-aspiring and spiritual than our other machines. The group that gathers round the loud-speaker gains unity and significance; they share a common life and a common world; they have historic ancestors in those who gathered at evening round the troubador, the harpist, and the bard who sang sagas. The saints forefend our sagas be all "blues."

L. W.

Behind the Big Top

RUTHLESSLY stripping the superficialities of life under the "big top" from the actual brutal realism which rules the circus—at least the circus of twenty years ago—Jim Tully has captured the elusive elementalism under the spangles and glamor and tinsel of the troupers

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with whom he "joined up" in one of his youthful years.

In Circus Parade, he taps the very fount of instinctive cheating, robbery, lust and murder. His characters form a circus parade themselves—a parade of elemental instincts against a background of picturesqueness hitherto untouched by writers of circuses and circus life.

Tully startled the world with his Beggars of Life and followed it with the Hollywood-tabooed Jarnegan, but his Circus Parade is certain to provoke more widespread comment and to be more avidly read than either. His knowledge of the conditions and his intimacy with his characters are the result of actual contact and experience. It is a vivid pen which presents the 73-year-old Bob Cameron, owner of Cameron's World's Greatest Combined Shows, and pictures the Baby Buzzard, his common-law wife:

His face was florid, his hair a faded brick red, his step firm and heavy. . . . His jaw was crooked, as though a blow had knocked it sideways. His nose slanted in the opposite direction from his jaw. He was nearly blind in one eye. It had a streak across it; thin as a razor blade from one corner to the other. In vitality and gusto he was ageless.

The scarecrow woman who traveled with him as his wife . . . . weighed about a hundred pounds, and was wrinkled, yellow and cracked like thin leather in the rain. Her face was not much larger than a sickly baby's. She looked to be ninety. Age had touched her with a wicked leer. One could have placed a pencil in the hollow of her eyes, which were rheumy and of a weird green color like a weed the frost had touched. . . . Her shoulders stooped forward as she walked. Her nature, no larger than herself, was mean and petty.

The same sensitive pen portrays with an understanding feeling the career of the Moss-Haired Girl and the unrequited passions of the Strong Woman. Pathos and humor are well blended with realism and animal-like instincts to make up this museum. Cameron's eulogy at the funeral of the Strong Woman is real satire and his showmanship at the obsequies of the Lion Tamer worthy of Barnum.

The Lion Tamer had been killed by a blind bear as the result of an accident and Cameron had been quick to grasp the opportunity to announce that "the greatest lion tamer in the world had been killed in mortal combat with six huge lions. . . . The town was placarded. The papers made headlines of the story."

And then—

The lion tamer's body was lowered in the grave. The multitude poured back to the circus under the burning sun.

When the festivities ended, the circus owner counted the receipts of the biggest day's business of the season. The crowd paid nearly two thousand dollars to see Denna Wyoming's funeral.

Jim Tully, the former roustabout, has given us a picture of stark realism in liberal doses. Let prudes and purists turn up their noses in disdainful arrogance—these people live and Tully depicts them in their native haunts.

M. H. CHASEMAN

CIRCUS PARADE, *by Jim Tully. A. & C. Boni. 280 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*

THE GROUNDS FOR DOUBT
(*Continued from page* 41)

ignored the doubt raised by the failure of the police and prosecution to apprehend the other bandits, their failure to trace the loot to Sacco and Vanzetti, or to show any change in their method of life after the hold-up. He did not discuss the Proctor affidavit, nor the theory of "consciousness of guilt." He indicated that Vanzetti had been arrested

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By a leading American psychologist, this volume expounds a theory extending from psychoanalysis: the theory that in considering an individual's consciousness and unconscious it is necessary to embrace in one view the social environment as well as the individual element, the observer as well as the observed, the physician with the patient. Further Dr. Burrow, who has had much practice in the treatment of psycho-pathology, disputes the Freudian conception that nervous disorders usually result from repressed sexuality. The book is in two parts: The Philosophy of the Neuroses; The Psychology of the Neuroses. $4.00

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previous to his arrest with Sacco. However, it was a fact that they were taken into custody on the same day. In his decision and in his talk with those interested in the case, the governor stressed the fact that Vanzetti did not take the stand at his first trial. He was told that Vanzetti's lawyer prevented him from testifying. He was informed that the law does not hold it against a defendant if he waives the privilege of testifying in his own behalf. Finally, it was pointed out that Vanzetti took the stand at the second trial.

The confession of Madeiros, who swore he was with the gang that committed the South Braintree crime, was discarded by the governor because, "Madeiros could not recall the details or describe the neighborhood." Madeiros had told the lawyers that he had held a shotgun and had been assigned to remain in the car to keep everyone away from the automobile. He was young, nervous and not very intelligent. Had he recited glibly many details of the murder and hold-up which lasted only a few minutes, the governor might well have suspected Madeiros of learning a story by rote.

Governor Fuller saw no evidence of prejudice by Judge Thayer at the trial. *He omitted mention of the affidavits alleging prejudice after the trial and while motions for a new trial were pending.*

The former employe of the Italian Consulate who deposed that Sacco called at the Boston office for a passport on April 15, the governor said, had no memorandum to assist his memory. The man recalled Sacco because instead of presenting a small passport photograph Sacco took to the Italian consulate a large framed picture, the cause of considerable mirth at the consulate.

The governor criticized the long delay in the case. He was aware that the men were placed on trial a year after their arrest, that Judge Thayer took nearly a year to rule on one motion, that Madeiros's statement further delayed the case because he was awaiting result of an appeal and neither side wished to prejudice Madeiros's appeal in advance, by making his connection with another murder case public.

Governor Fuller placed great reliance in his inquiry on the testimony of a boyhood friend, Paymaster Cox of the L. Q. White Shoe Company, who was on the truck at Bridgewater when the hold-up for which Vanzetti was first convicted was attempted. For a long time Mr. Thompson, counsel for the accused men, tried to obtain the report of the Pinkerton Detective Agency on their investigation made soon after the attempted hold-up. Finally in May of this year he gained access to the report and learned that Cox had then said the hold-up man had a closely cropped mustache slightly grey. At the trial Cox said that Vanzetti, who always wore a long black drooping mustache, was the bandit. Mr. Thompson embodied the result of the Pinkerton report in a communication to the governor. When the governor's attention was called to the report by a visitor who suggested that it was illuminating, the governor is reported to have said, "Pinkerton report? What Pinkerton report?" He called in one of his attachés who remarked that the report was "just something Thompson sent in." Much of the voluminous material in the case was sifted by Herman MacDonald, the governor's secretary.

Governor Fuller, in his decision, said that the issue of the radical views of Sacco and Vanzetti was brought in by them to explain their suspicious conduct on the night they

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were arrested. This step, he pointed out, was taken by the defense against the advice of Judge Thayer. Judge Thayer's suggestion that the defense refrain from putting in the radical views of Sacco and Vanzetti was itself an implication that such testimony would prejudice the jury. Had the defense consented to keep out of the trial the views of the two men they would have been unable to present to the jury their alibi, for it was the theory of the prosecution that the actions of Sacco and Vanzetti on the night of their arrest betrayed "consciousness of guilt" concerning the murders. The defense felt impelled to prove that the men were intent on secreting radical literature fearing further "Red" raids and that their lies, when arrested, showed "consciousness of guilt," not of murder, but of radicalism.

The importance of the Department of Justice files is directly connected with the theory of "consciousness of guilt." The defense hoped to show that the files contained references to Sacco and Vanzetti as members of the Galleani band of anarchists, hunted by the authorities. The department's agents are alleged to have furnished much of the evidence concerning the views of the radicals to the prosecutor. A former agent made an affidavit that "it was the opinion of the department agents here [Boston] that a conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder would be one way of disposing of these two men."

Neither the Lowell report nor the Fuller decision referred to the striking exhibit in the record of Sacco's payroll for two years preceding his arrest. He worked every week during that period except for three weeks when he was ill. His wife's savings account showed a deposit from week to week.

The doubts herein mentioned focussed in the minds of multitudes during those three fateful weeks the overwhelming conviction and belief that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have an absolutely fair trial before Judge Thayer, or a fair and impartial hearing before Governor Fuller and the Lowell Committee.

Before me as I write is the letter of a prominent Boston newspaper executive. He says in part:

I expected clemency, probably in the shape of a pardon, up to the last minute and thought I had reasons for this belief from what Governor Fuller himself had voluntarily told me. I sat next to him at the dinner of the . . . . What the governor told me then I repeated in confidence to a former attorney-general of the state, who said it was compatible with no other theory than that of clemency; the governor said the lodgment of responsibility in one judge was 'abhorrent' to him. I carefully noted the word 'abhorrent' and told the governor this was also . . .'s argument.

He told me that a son of one of the leading witnesses for the prosecution had been to him to tell him that his mother was utterly irresponsible and mentally incapable of telling the truth. Fuller said I would be surprised at the way much of the testimony collapsed. He led me out to the elevator, delayed its movement to explain to me that he was going to settle this case in such a way that he could live with his own conscience . . . . his point of view was wholly on the clemency side. I continued to hear things pointing in the same direction, although it is fair to say not from the governor.

The writer of the letter, after making his statement orally, called in one of his associates and asked him to repeat the conversation they had after the dinner mentioned in the letter. The executive repeated substantially the entire conversation and also said he had made a memorandum of it afterwards.

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PURI ROMANI DYES

(*Continued from page* 26)

superb handler and dealer in horses but little of the money that he makes sticks to his fingers. It goes into the wise, cautious and yet generous little hand of his wife, and if he has no wife, into the hand of his mother.

The Gypsy woman rewards her man with a love and passionate tenderness which is wonderful. I have seen an old woman thrust herself ardently into the arms of her husband, who smiled proudly over her head at me, and called her—his precious girl, his darling foolish child, and half laughingly affected to resist her mere female blandishments.

AH—ah—*rawnies* and *ryes,* the *puri Romani dyes* are the freest women in the world—and the most loving.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH

(*Continued from page* 12)

with evident glee; then he comes and chats with us in *Romanes.* He wears his evening clothes with the utmost ease, and his manners are suave and natural. In a corner, the preluding notes of a guitar, followed by the contralto voice of Pavlina in a Russian Gypsy romance.

Of Hungarian Gypsy musicians there are many in this country, though prohibition and jazz dancing threatened their livelihood, when many of the cafés in the "foreign quarters" closed their doors. You will find them wherever there are Hungarians, chiefly in the steelmill towns. In Braddock, Pennsylvania, there is a large colony of them, where the sound of their fiddles, floating softly upward, mingles with the clouds of dun and yellow smoke. They play to the workers drinking home-made *slivovitz* in back rooms, and to the unemployed drinking tea at the Biltmore.

It is mainly through art that the Gypsy and *Gajo* meet on common ground, and the Romani is fundamentally a craftsman and an artist. Where he has been given an opportunity to exercise his ancient folk arts he has ceased being persecuted, and in turn has ceased despising and deceiving.

It is significant that if the Romanies mingle occasionally with the lower levels of society, as in Spain, it is chiefly on the highest levels that the race has let down the barriers. I am not thinking of the rare but well authenticated unions between noblemen and Gypsy girls, but rather of the numerous artists, musicians, and scholars who have loved and admired these wanderers.

The romantic Gypsy of fiction is perennial, and is interesting if well done; but there is another—the real Gypsy. He needs no poetizing; and gradually through the followers of Borrow he is being revealed. One has only to read the pages of the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society* to see that the Romanies are no longer a mystery.

Is the race dying out? I do not think so, in spite of their own dire prophecies. There are probably from fifty to one hundred thousand Gypsies in America; and more in Europe alone than ever left India. There are sound biological causes that account for their extraordinary vitality. Their faults are the faults of youth, their virtues the virtues of youth, and their charm, like that of the artist, is the charm of eternal youth.

FOLK TALES

(*Continued from page* 19)

started to wrestle and the giant grew angry because Sam Patra was so strong. He shouted loud and grabbed Sam Patra by the toe of his foot and threw him into the mud. Sam Patra got hold of the giant's legs and threw him into the mud, in the same place along the river bank. Then the giant threw Sam Patra by the hips, but he jumped up and threw the giant from beneath the armpits. The giant arose and threw Sam Patra by the shoulders. Next Sam Patra got the giant by the neck and held his head in the mud while he reached for the

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sword. Then he killed him.

Now the giant's horse belonged to Sam Patra. so he tied it to the bridge and went again to sleep.

In the morning when Lazillia and Sylvius awoke they cried out, "O brother, we had a terrible dream. We dreamed we would meet a double headed giant." Then they saw the strange horse tied to the bridge, and asked, "Whose horse is that?"

"That," said Sam Patra, "was the giant's horse—but now it is mine." But they did not believe it and asked the horse, "Did Sam Patra kill a giant?" The horse just shook its head. So Sam Patra had to show them the head of the giant where it was lying in the mud.

Then they were frightened and said, "Now I know we shall get killed by the double headed giant."

Lazillia said, "Let us go back home to the good old king and queen, before we get killed."

They all went back home and told the old king, "We have killed a one-headed giant and dreamed that a two-headed giant will follow us. We are afraid to go out of the castle."

But the king laughed and said, "I'll put soldiers out to catch the giant and get him into a cage and then we shall kill him."

But when the two-headed giant heard what had happened to the one-headed giant at the hands of Sam Patra he got a great sledge hammer and set out to smash in the walls of the castle.

He walked right over the king's soldiers and with one blow made a little hole in the wall of the castle, so that he could get in. He made for the king but Sam Patra snatched his sword and kept him off. The giant grabbed back the sword and swung at Sam Patra and just touched the skin of his neck. Lazillia shot from behind the one head with the arrow, and when the giant turned the other head to see what had happened, Sylvius with his sword cut off the other head. They all got back in the corner and watched the giant die and when he was still Sam Patra said, "Father King, now each of us has killed a giant. We are exactly alike."

"I am not sure," said Lazillia, "for I want to get married." When Lazillia told them that they all wondered who could be the girl. When no one was looking Sam Patra and Sylvius went out the door and over the fields to an old king who they knew had two daughters. The oldest one was named Auska. The second one was Mattilia, and Mattilia liked Sylvius and Auska liked Sam Patra. They both got married the same day and got back to the castle with their wives on the same day that Lazillia got back with his wife. And they found that the three wives were sisters and that the wife of Lazillia had been stolen from her home when she was a baby.

After thirteen years the old king and queen died and the three brothers ruled the country.

After thirteen more years, Sylvius, in a terrible fever, also died. The two brothers who were left looked at one another and Lazillia said, "Now, our brother is dead, what shall we do? Let us kill ourselves."

Sam Patra said, "Why should I kill myself? I am a little bit different from my brothers."

But Lazillia answered, "I am going to kill myself after my brother."

Then Lazillia went and shot himself.

Sam Patra felt sad. He said to himself, "My two brothers, born when I was born, and who looked like me and did as I did, are dead. The poor old king and queen are dead. What shall I do now? I am not very different from my brothers."

That night he gave the kingdom to Auska. Then he took the bow and arrow of his brother Sylvius and shot the arrow straight up into the air. "I shall see if it is to be," he said. For three days and nights the arrow did not come down and he did not move. On the fourth day he saw it coming and he gave a kiss to Auska and said, "Good-bye, wife. And good-bye, wives of my brothers." The arrow struck him right on the top of the head and pinned him to the ground.

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